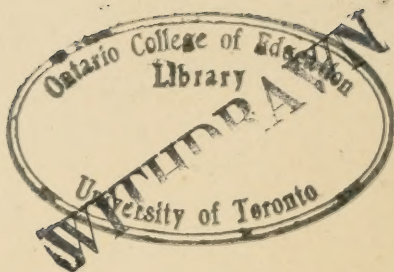


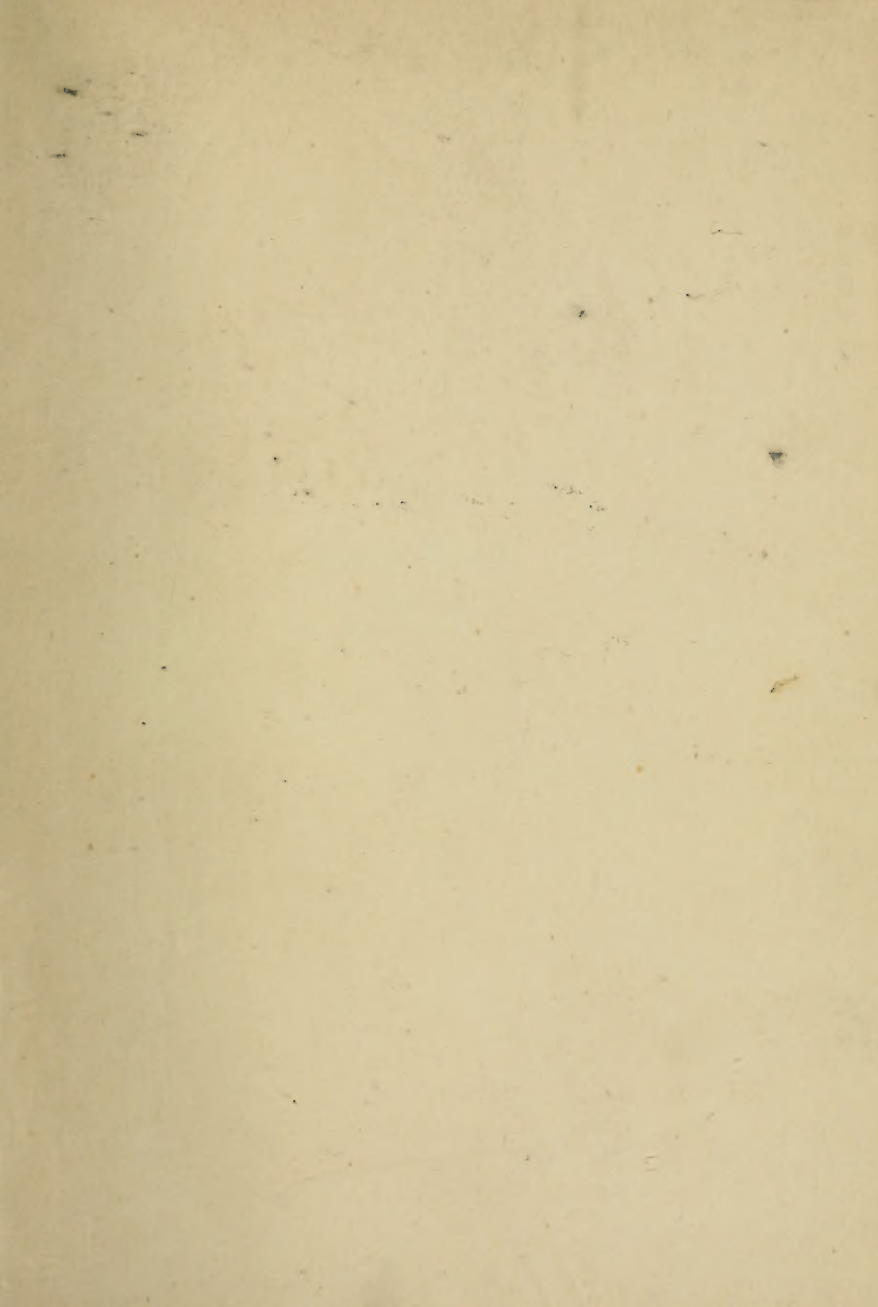
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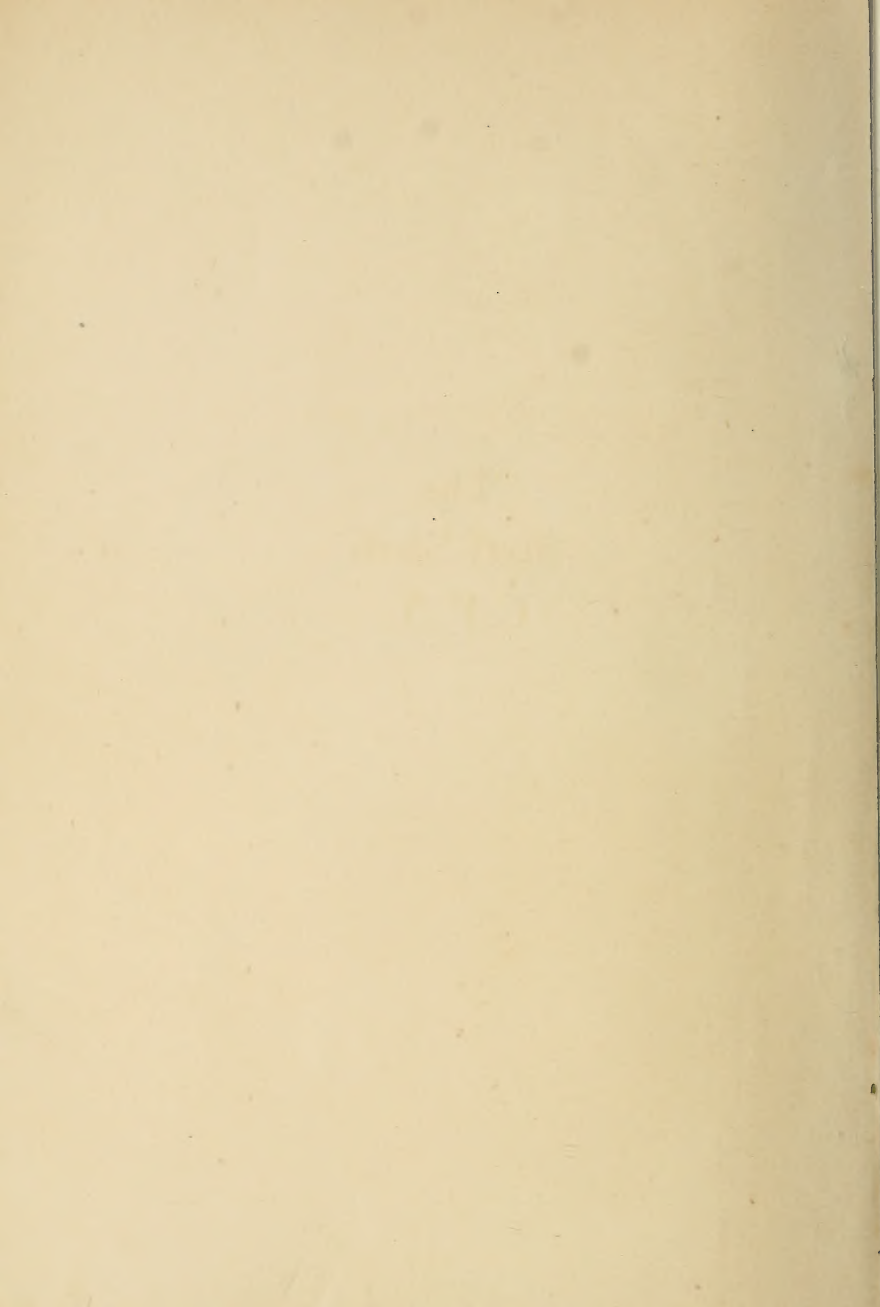
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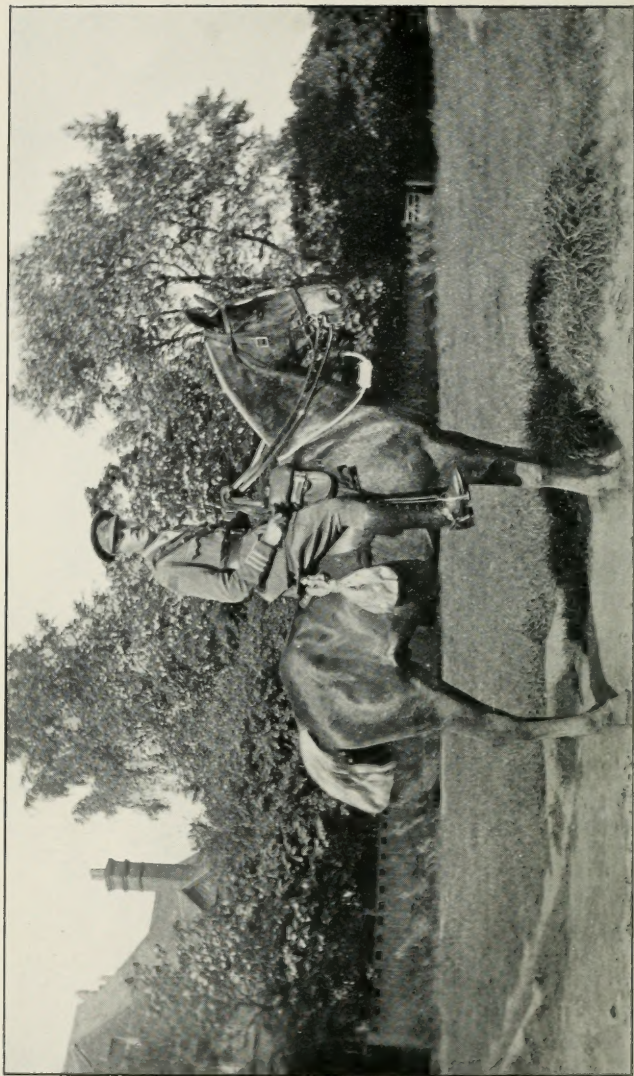


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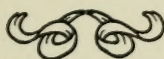


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MAJOR OLAND, WHO COMMANDED THE BATTERY FROM SEPTEMBER 1916 UNTIL ITS DEMOBILISATION

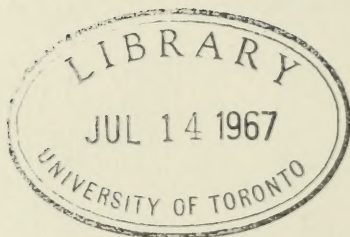
The Story of the Sixty-Sixth C.F.A.



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3) 1919



WITHDRAWN
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TO
OUR FALLEN COMRADES

Preface

THIS is a simple story, written by simple souls, and intended to be read by their peers and equals. The whole production is the idea of a moment, planned in a day, and ground out in a night by rusty pens long after the clapping of Belgian peasants' *sabots* along the cobblestones of Autre Eglise had ceased to be. If you are a literary critic, read no further. The wording may be bad, the construction faulty, the composition impossible and the topic involved, because of the very fact that it is the product of many minds. It is not a work of art and makes no attempt at literary excellence. It is rather a chronicle of the events in the everyday life of the artilleryman, told with severe simplicity and retiring plainness by those who have actually lived it. This is its only claim to greatness—it is true. Soon we go to fight other battles on newer fields, but before going we wished to leave behind a story that, in our old and slippered years, we boys might read and re-live with something of the passion of our youthful days: that to the end there might come back to us the exasperating humbug of the army, the happy vicissitudes and varied experiences of war, the barren and shell-battered wildernesses of the Front, the roar of the guns, the crump of shells, the zero hours, the gun flashes in the sky and the days and

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the months and the years through which we struggled as mere atoms in the great body of endless passing forms in khaki.

We wish to thank Major Oland for his kindly interests in our endeavours, Lieut. H. E. Bates for valuable and essential information, Lieut. B. F. Gossage and Gunner G. H. M'Lean, who ably managed the business part of the production and the voluntary committee consisting of Sergeant Sharpe and Signallers Stewart and Armstrong whose efforts in compiling records and gathering material for the writers were greatly appreciated.

AUTRE EGLISE, BELGIUM,
April, 1919

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Part I

CANADA

CHAPTER I

Montreal

I SWEAR that what I have said is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—So HELP ME GOD.”

These words first came from a dignified gentleman of legal mien and were repeated by a group of youthful, pleasant faced civilians, standing facing him. The words, uttered at first so lightly, grew more and more serious in tone, till, at the calling of the Divine Judge to witness their statements, a solemnity came over the gathering and into each man's mind came a sudden realization of the portent of his oath. With the “So help me God,” he had not only sworn allegiance to his State and to his King, he had also passed himself over bodily for whatever use might be made of his physical talents by any appointed agent of his State or King, he had even offered himself as a sacrifice, if necessary, that his country's principles might be vindicated. With these thoughts engaging the grave consideration of all, the Justice of the Peace brought the proceedings to a close, and thus, on the 21st day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1916, with the pledging of these first recruits, the 66th Battery, C.F.A., came into being.

On March 14th, Major R. A. Brock, formerly a Lieut.-Col. in the cavalry and, at that time, O.C. the 21st Militia Battery of Westmount, was ordered to recruit 138 men—this being the numerical strength of a field battery. The arrangements for recruiting took several days, and it was not really until the 20th inst. that the call for men was sent out. To say that the appeal was answered quickly is putting it mildly,

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for when volunteers were asked for at a parade of one of the militia batteries, the future existence of that unit was seriously endangered, as nearly three-quarters of the men wished to enroll themselves. Nor was this an isolated case, and the office of the 66th was overcrowded with applicants days after the sufficient number of men had been enrolled. Major Brock worked untiringly to form a unit of exceptional quality and every man was personally interviewed by him before even filling out Attestation Papers.

During the strenuous weeks of getting the men into proper physical condition, the Major was greatly assisted by Lieut. H. E. Bates, who had the honour of being the first subaltern to join the unit, and who took upon himself the arduous task of initiating the new comers into the mysteries of Foot Drill. Though the majority were inexperienced in army ways and manœuvres, they were not long in becoming intimately acquainted with them, and with their eagerness to learn they made the worst comparatively easy for the instructors. Lieut. Manning was added to the strength of the Battery towards the end of March and, as is usually the case with newcomers to any military formation, was allotted the very thankless work of outfitting the men with the essential military equipment. The completion of this work saw the Battery installed in its none too sumptuous quarters at 444 St James Street.

These barracks—if indeed the term barracks, in its popular sense, can be used in this case—had formerly been used for factory purposes and now, with the installation of three-decker bunks and shower baths, were, by the magic of army orders, turned into a home for soldiers. However, in spite of the dismal appearance of the long room in which the men lived, they made fairly comfortable quarters, and the addition of a piano to the meagre furniture lent an almost homelike tone to the corner in which it was placed. Nor did this musical instrument serve only as a decoration to the surroundings. From morning till night, the strains of popular and unpopular airs floated out over the dingy houses of St James Street, and often, passers-by were arrested by the sound of a dreadful wail coming from the third story of the barracks which on anxious inquiries proved only to be the pleadings of some sorrowful soul for the “Sunshine of Someone’s Smile.”

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With the entrance into barracks came the real formation of the Battery ; that is to say, it was divided into two equal parts which, as legal documents have it, will in future be known as the Right Section and the Left Section. These were again divided into subsections, each subsection being made up of one sergeant, one corporal, one bombardier and thirty men. It is worthy of remark that every sergeant and corporal was a qualified non-commissioned officer in the Royal School of Artillery and, in this respect at least, the organization of the Battery was placed on a solid foundation. Though the dividing of the unit into its component parts was an important event, it was not so important as to overshadow the beginning of army routine. This routine called for a daily schedule which was carried out with punctual efficiency. In the early hours of the morning when, as George Ade says, all prominent people are just sinking into their second slumber, the dismal notes of a trumpet would introduce the newly-arrived dawn, and a few minutes later a sleepy grouchy gathering, half-dressed, would assemble for the roll-call—in those days the men had not grown used to the divers ways and means of eluding these parades and as a result swinging the lead was not included in the morning exercises. When the roll had been called and the conscientious sergeants had assured themselves that no one was missing from the herd, the parade would be turned over to an officer, who would usually proceed to break a hill climbing record on the way to McGill campus, which was now being used for military purposes. Assuredly the war had turned things topsy-turvy. This campus, which had, in former days, been the scene of titanic struggles between the different arrays of gridiron gladiators, now suffered the ignominy of being used as a training ground for flat-chested recruits, the track whose cinders had rolled lightly under the caressing tread of many a 'Varsity champion were now crushed, cruelly and dispassionately, by the heavy tramp of hobnailed boots. The stands, which had rocked with the frenzied cheers of enthusiastic rooters, looked mutely forth on the uninspiring scene before them, and, as they looked, the dew glistening in the sunlight seemed like tears, of sorrow at the thought of what had been, and of mortification at what the necessities of war had brought them to. Truly a sad thing when one

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looks back upon it, but how much sadder the agony of the men engaged in the different setting up exercises—and agony it was raised to the 'steenth degree, as any one will testify who has gotten up and done a day's work before breakfast. When the full list of exercises had been performed the men were given a short rest, for the worst was yet to come. If a question were asked whether it was easier to run down hill than up hill, the general opinion would undoubtedly favour the downward course because, generally, all things go down much swifter, as the force of gravity acts as an aid rather than a hindrance, and, of course, the path down is always the easiest: the path of vice, the path of a toboggan slide, all paths in fact except the homeward journey of the 66th. Whatever aspirations the officers cherished for making new marks for the ascent, were put in the shade by the speed of their return trips. Perhaps, as someone remarked, these officers were under the impression that this was the best method of putting men into prime condition, but, at the time, it seemed the best and easiest method of committing homicide on a large scale—on one particular morning one of the bolder spirits ventured the opinion that the officer in charge had a brother in the undertaking business and was endeavouring to swell the family funds. However, if the officers were merely following an exaggerated sense of duty or were seeking to bring about the demise of the whole Battery, is not known, but the men stood up well under the rigour of the punishment and in the parade, on Xypress Day, the 66th, even in spite of the squeaky fife and drum band at its head, called forth admiration on all sides for its appearance.

As the training was gradually forming the raw material into the smooth working machine that these exercises inevitably produce, a call was made for a draft of fifty men and one officer to proceed overseas as reinforcements. As the whole Battery had volunteered, after Major Brock had made his appeal, a delicate choice had to be made; the policy pursued was that of selecting groups of friends, who had enlisted together, and who did not wish to be separated, and in this manner the draft in charge of Lieut. Manning was soon filled up. The day of departure was May 7th, Sunday morning. The Battery paraded to pay its last tribute to its departing members, and it was not a very cheerful scene

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as the volunteers, though anxious to get to war, were loath to leave their comrades and their comrades knew that, though they searched for many a day, they could not gather together again such congenial good fellows as these who were now about to leave them.

With the defection of the draft came renewed activity in recruiting. Lieut. Peck, who had joined the unit a few weeks before, took command of the Left Section in place of Mr Manning. In filling up the vacancies, practical experience was given precedence over youthful excellence, as hitherto no particular attention had been paid to enrolling men whose trades would render them beneficial to the artillery. When the fifty necessary men had been enlisted, training was resumed with even greater vigour. Route marches up and around the mountain became the rule rather than the exception. It was during this period of the training that stops were made at Fletchers Field, to allow the men an hour's freedom about the playgrounds, where games of baseball and soccer were rapidly organized and enthusiastically enjoyed by both players and spectators. Lectures were interspersed in the training exercises, to break the monotony it was said, but, unfortunately, they did not have the desired effect, the words of the lecturer were often found to have a hypnotic charm, as a result of which the room would be filled with long drawn out sonorous sounds generally indicative of deep slumber.

As is generally known, horses play an important part in artillery work and, naturally, the 66th were equipped, meagrely it is true, with horses. It was decidedly fortunate that these numbered but eight, otherwise many a soldier would have been absent from the afternoon parade of fashion along St Catherine Street and Bryson's would have been poorer, by the loss of regular and generous patrons.

Lieut. Thorpe joined the Battery in the middle of May and was closely followed by Sergt.-Major Reed, who brought with him the rumour that the training would be shifted to Petawawa, Ontario, for the summer. This rumour was soon confirmed by the dispatch of an advance party under Q.M.S. Knuble and Sergt. Forbes—the duty of this party being to proceed to the camp and arrange everything for the advent of the Battery into its summer quarters.

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When this advance guard had departed, the remainder of the men were given two days' leave of absence, presumably to make final arrangements regarding their business interests, but it is greatly feared that their business suffered, and that a great deal of attention was devoted to the more important duties of swearing eternal faith to their "One and Only." A well-known saying pays a tribute to the "Love that lies in women's eyes," but, in this case, it would be more applicable to the love that lies from a soldier's lips, "And lies and lies and lies." However, the boys were young, and youth is generally infectious, so, if in their new life they were not exactly models of devotion, their loneliness for the ones at home, and their desire for comfort, might be taken as the real and great reasons for their little lapses.

The guns, of the twelve-pounder type, had to be taken to Petawawa, and here a serious difficulty arose. There were not sufficient draft horses to drag these playthings to the loading platform at Westmount Junction and it was thought, at first, that the men themselves would be forced to undertake the task, but, happily, two of the men who owned automobiles came forward with the suggestion that the guns and ammunition wagons be hooked behind their cars and transported to the station in this novel manner. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was acted upon and many a staid and honoured member of Westmount's respectable seclusion was surprised out of his customary complacency by the clatter of the vehicles, rushing through even the most exclusive streets, and, in his consternation, wondered if the dream of every field artilleryman had come true and if the military had at last achieved the organization of horseless artillery.

The Battery was due to leave from Windsor Station at seven o'clock on the evening of June 1st. Long before that hour crowds had assembled on St James and Windsor Street and the station itself was jammed. As the men marched up in "Column of Fours," laden from head to foot with all the necessary and unnecessary accoutrements of their profession, there ensued a scene of enthusiasm that will live long in the memory of everyone present. Ropes had been stretched round the concours of the station, to allow sufficient

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space for the necessary manœuvres for entraining, but these were torn away and swarms of people rushed hither and thither to have a last close look at their friends. Parents, wives, sweethearts, and relations were enjoying their final chat with their boys, and it was perhaps only at this instant that mothers were experiencing that strange heartache that the realization that their sons were passing away from them and, if they should return, they would never be the same light hearted boys they had loved so tenderly, because their absence from home, and the trials of their newly-chosen life would have moulded them into a strange and immutable manhood. But if these were their thoughts, their manifestations of cheerfulness belied the fact, for everywhere a smiling countenance was turned to the departing adventurers and, as the train pulled out, cheer after cheer floated after the disappearing coaches and the 66th had taken its first journey warwards.

CHAPTER II

Petawawa

THE first rays of dawn saw the troop-laden train disgorge its contents at the edge of the camp. To the men, just a trifle nervous at the entrance to an unknown phase of their strange calling, it seemed the edge of the world because, except for a flash of white here and there, there was no sign of habitation to deny that they had been dumped off at the beginning of a trackless wilderness. Their march to camp, however, disillusioned them and they were soon installed in their allotted corner of, what they afterwards found to be, the finest artillery camp in their experience.

The advance guard had worked nobly and everything was in order, breakfast was ready to serve and, after it had been consumed to the last morsel, the men departed to inspect their new homes for the summer. The tents were lined on either side of the allotment, the officers' quarters, quartermaster stores, kitchen and mess room, at one end, the gun park at the other, and the horse lines in the centre.

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As the number of horses was insufficient for thorough training loans were solicited from the neighbouring batteries and the work was carried on under difficulties. In the evenings the recreation resorts were the Y.M.C.A. and the Cinema Theatre. It was at the latter that the 66th made its first step towards becoming the best known battery in camp. During the intermissions, the boys would sing the songs which two of their members had written, and before many days "the 66th from Montreal with forty kegs of beer" was being sung in every battery and at every entertainment.

But their lot was by no means a blissful existence and Capt. Stacey, O.C. "C" Battery, of the regular forces, who had been placed in charge of the brigade training, informed them that they would have to work doubly hard in order to even equal the standing of the other units. These words instead of discouraging spurred them, and with the help of Sergt.-Instructor Clarke, who had taken over the instruction of the men, they set to work with a will that would not admit failure. The Battery was very fortunate in securing the services of Sergt. Clarke, a man who not only knew his work thoroughly but was endowed with the rare faculty of imparting his knowledge so that it was clearly understood, and whose gentlemanly manner of reprimanding anyone endeared him to the men.

About the middle of June a pool was made up of the cast-off horses of the different batteries and these were handed over, gratis and gladly, by their former keepers to the 66th. With each horse came an erroneous testimonial which stated that half broken horses were quiet as lambs and that the thin, broken winded excuses for mounts were regular fire-eaters when one became accustomed to them. The result of these reports was that the broken down animals were beaten and cursed for any movement they made, whereas the "lambs" received the kindest of treatment and any display of temper was taken as an indication of good spirits and playfulness by the greenhorns, till they perceived the tricks that had been played on them and then, the tables were turned with a vengeance.

With the Battery thus equipped training was begun in earnest. Each morning the drivers paraded to receive their

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instruction in driving and horsemanship, while the gunners proceeded to the gun park to practise gun-laying and the signallers were marched to the camp signal school where the different ways of communicating with one another were taught them. It was at this time that reports were sent broadcast announcing the arrival, in the near future, of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and immediately every effort was made to turn out a glittering display for the Governor-General. Several days before the inspection proper, the camp paraded to practise marching past the saluting stand ; after one of these parades Capt. Stacey rode up to the Battery and, from his language, it was gathered that the 66th had not been outstanding for its work that day, and it would be obliged to be much better on the day of inspection to avoid spoiling the reputation of the whole camp. This caustic criticism showed its worth on the day of the inspection when the Capt. informed the O.C. that he was " Damned Well Pleased." The use of the vulgar word set the compliment higher in the estimation of the men, who had by now learnt that, when profanity is used in commendation, it is the sincerest form of flattery. The Duke seemed well pleased and though he did not express himself so picturesquely, he nevertheless demonstrated that he was in earnest by decreeing that there would be no more parades for the remainder of the day.

Shortly after this a Field Day was held when the different units sought to demonstrate their superiority in athletics. Here the 66th came into its own. In the sprints Sergt. Beriau showed a clean pair of heels to the other contestants, Bomb. Parsons won the wrestling championship of his class, and Gunners O'Brien and Herscovitch taught those, who had the temerity to face them, a few new tricks in the art of self-defence.

July brought a change in the training. The Battery now paraded as a whole and moved out on to the plains, where positions were reconnoitred and taken up and imaginary shells fired with great zest at a more imaginary foe. Frequently Lieut.-Col. Roi, commanding Royal School of Artillery, would happen on the Battery and watch the manœuvres with critical eyes, after which he would generally express himself in anything but laudatory terms. At the

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time it seemed rather hard to be doing one's best day in and day out and receive nothing better than sarcastic criticism for one's labours, but, experience has since shown, that this was merely done with the idea that men will not slacken half so much under abuse as they will under sugared compliments. As the former mysteries were becoming so familiar that interest in them was beginning to lag, the report that the guns were to fire was received with welcome surprise. Drivers were already planning how well they were going to do their part and each gunner was secretly hoping that it might fall to his lot to fire the first shot, nor did the fact that blanks were to be used dampen their ardour. The powder was taken from the magazine, placed in the vehicles, and strict orders were issued that there was to be no smoking about or on the wagons that held the destructive material. These orders were rigidly adhered to, for though experience was coming fast it had not come so quickly that the men could handle the ammunition with the nonchalance that bespeaks absolute confidence and knowledge as to just how far one can go, and remain uninjured. The guns were dropped behind a crest and everyone waited with bated breath and nerves aquiver as the fateful moment arrived. The orders came down, the guns were laid on the given lines, the charges rammed home, the lanyards hooked on. "Fire," the order came roaring down. "Fire," the Sergt. repeated, and fire the gunner essayed to but somehow or other the gun would not go off. By this time the gunners were in a nervous sweat and Col. Roi, noting their discomfiture, sought to soothe their feelings, but only made them worse, by shouting keep cool. The lanyard was put in place once more and happily the charge ignited. The boom rang forth, the gun recoiled and ran up again, nobody was hurt and everybody was happy.

During the summer a generous amount of leave was given and in many cases it was extended by the discovery, on the day of departure, that a grandmother or an uncle was dying. The doctors of the different cities must indeed have done a rushing business if all these excuses were genuine.

The summer months were rapidly passing by and the training was gradually coming to its climax. Just before

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it reached its final stage, however, General Lessard visited the camp and inspected the different Brigades on Drury Plains, after which he took the salute from the batteries as they marched past in review order. A few days later the batteries took up positions and fired live shells at targets about a thousand yards distant. The condition of these targets after the shoot did not speak well for the Boche, against whom the fire of these batteries would be directed in the future. All the units did excellent work in this competition and not the meanest record was that made by the boys from Montreal, for the 66th was up amongst the leaders. This in itself was a remarkable achievement. They had come to Petawawa the youngest and greenest battery and now, at the completion of their training, they ranked with the best the camp could produce. In athletics their success was not confined to the Field Day alone. They had won the championship of the 14th Brigade in baseball and had struggled towards the finals for the championship of the camp in which they were beaten, by one run, in an extra innings of a heartbreaking game. In popularity they were second to none, and no entertainment was completely enjoyable without a large representation from the 66th to provide amusement by singing the parodies on camp life.

The Battery strength was decreased by the departure of Lieut. Thorpe. His departure was not only a loss to the Battery's efficiency but also to the men who had found in him the rare qualities of strict discipline and kindly good nature. His place was subsequently filled by Sergt.-Major Reed, whose surpassing record as a non-commissioned officer had earned him the reward of a promotion to a commissioned rank.

During the last days of August every man in camp was given leave, was told it would be his last before sailing, and to make the most of it. That these instructions were followed to the letter was evidenced by the marriage of a couple of the boys who, knowing that they would be gone a long time, thought it best not to run the chance of leaving their fair ones to the alluring charms of the patriotic lounge lizards, and had decided to chain themselves, their loved ones and their liberty to the immovable rock of matrimony. Others did not go so far, but judging by reports and by the number

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of scented envelopes in the mail afterwards, the moon that shone during that last week of August must have seen some wonderful sights and heard some strange tales. It is a matter of conjecture whether or not the moon remembered these tales, but if he did how he must have laughed when he looked upon a similar scene in another country and listened to the same stories told by the same laddie in khaki—to an entirely different lassie, mam'selle or fraulein.

When the men returned from leave preparations were made for departure. The regular amount of inspections ensued. The most interesting of these was a kit inspection, during which every article issued by the army to the soldier was examined. If an article happened to be missing from any man's kit that man would be forced to pay the price of another. Not many things were missing because the boys replenished their kits from those of their fellows which had already been examined and after the inspection, the Battery was complimented for the general condition of its equipment.

Horses, harness, and guns were to be left behind and an advance guard from the 79th Battery—a depot unit formed in Montreal during the summer—arrived at camp to take over. The transfer was made without any hitch in spite of the fact that the officer sent by the new battery was physically speaking too big for his job, for when the biggest horse was brought from the lines, an unchartered member of the S.P.C.A. protested against the officer getting aboard, claiming that the positions should be reversed. His fears, however, were soon allayed for the climbing did not take place, because, in the process, the stirrup broke under the weight of the prospective rider, and he, with due consideration both for his own dignity and for the safety of the horses and harness, decided that he would just as soon walk.

An event occurred at this time which marred an otherwise gratifying state of affairs. Major Brock was transferred to another unit. It would indeed be difficult to express the feelings of the men at this change, but it is not extravagant to say that they looked up to the Major as a father and felt that his interest in them was not prompted by a desire for military efficiency but rather by an actual regard for their physical and moral welfare.

In filling the position left vacant by the transfer of Major

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Brock a happy choice was made. Major, then Capt., S. C. Oland took over the command. He had been commanding officer of the Second Section, Divisional Ammunition Column, and had had great experience in artillery work both during and before the war. But not only for his practical ability was the 66th fortunate in securing Major Oland, because his personality was peculiarly suited to the type of men under him and the combination was destined to win even greater laurels in the future stages of its career.

The new O.C. did not at once take over active command of the Battery as he had sustained an injury to his leg, and the responsibility fell to the senior subaltern who happened to be Mr Bates.

Very little was done during the next few days as orders to move were expected at any moment. The men busied themselves reading books about sea voyages and laying in an abundant stock of Mothersill's Seasick Remedies, and a dozen other patent medicines, by the taking of which one could defy the tempests and look with a smiling countenance into a raging sea.

On the morning of September 8th orders were received to the effect that the 14th Brigade would entrain for Halifax that same evening. This order caused a great flurry of excitement. Blankets were rolled, kits were packed, and tents were cleared out for the last time. About 6 p.m. the men were paraded, numbered off, and told to stand easy. The reason for this was that the train was not to pull out until 8.30, and as it was fifteen minutes' walk to the station, and entraining would take fifteen more, the men in charge, not wishing to lose time, kept a parade of two or three hundred men loaded with kits standing around for an hour. After the long wait the parade moved off, the men singing in spite of their almost smothering kit, and soon reached the siding where they boarded the "Halifax Flyer." The cars were very comfortable, there being about 30 men to a coach, which were of the Colonist type. The boys enjoyed themselves very much during the trip. Stops were made at different towns during the night and everywhere people had assembled at the station to cheer the men on their journey.

Montreal was reached early in the morning and here a welcome surprise awaited the boys. News had somehow

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or other gotten through that the train would pass through Turcot Yards during the early hours of the morning, and a great many friends and relations of the men had hastened to the spot at once. The train arrived at seven o'clock and many had been awaiting it since three a.m. These people had brought with them every conceivable species of eatables and the cars were well stocked for the long journey. The train stayed at Montreal for an hour and though no one was supposed to leave the train, everyone managed to see their friends and bid them good-bye.

At Montreal "Jack" Martin and "Pep" Paisley left the Battery. The boys were sorry to lose them, especially Pep, who was everything that the name implies. He will be remembered by the public for his ability as a football player at McGill University, where he had captained the team when it won the championship against Toronto University, but the members of the 66th will remember him more for his cheerful disposition and for the interest that he brought to any group he was attached to. When "Pep" left his subsection at Montreal, neither he nor his friends were ashamed of the tears that filled their eyes for the comradeship which had sprung up between them was one to remember for a lifetime.

The journey to Halifax took two days. A stop was made at Moncton, where the Brigade paraded for a route march through the town. As the train was getting ready to pull out from here a large crowd was attracted by the songs of some of the boys who had climbed on top of the caboose. When the crowd applauded their first offering the boys let loose their whole repertoire and took these citizens of Moncton by storm. Their efforts at entertaining were greatly appreciated as the roar of applause testified when the train moved off.

Halifax was reached on the 12th and the Brigade paraded through the town to the Citadel where everyone was able to get an excellent view of the harbour. After dinner the same day the men were again paraded, this time with all their kit to which were added the many parcels received at Montreal. The 66th marched at the head of the Brigade and this was taken as an ill omen, because the first men to board a ship are generally quartered as near to the water

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as the bottom of the ship will allow. This time the 66th was the exception and the boys were given staterooms which were as good as the ship could offer. The luggage was soon stored away and everyone was prepared to have a very enjoyable trip, weather, wind, and constitutions permitting.

They were very light-hearted these youngsters, for they were not thinking of war as a menace but rather as a great game, in which the chance of their lives remaining untouched seemed very good, and as they looked at the land they were leaving, a thrill of pride and enthusiasm came over them, and they swore that everything they would do in future would not be for their own interests but for the greater honour and glory of Canada. Whether as the war changed them from rookies into seasoned veterans their sentiments changed is a matter of conjecture and perhaps the sequel will tell.

Part II

ENGLAND

AS the "Metagama" began to pull out of Halifax Harbour, with the remainder of the convoy, consisting of the "Cameronian," "Scandinavian," and "Northland," escorted by H.M.S. "Drake," the men looked forward eagerly to the voyage. They realized that they were leaving Canada and their loved ones for many months, perhaps for years, but the adventures they were to go through on the other side allured them strangely and strongly. So it was with light-heartedness that they heard of the terrors and discomforts of a sea journey and all hoped that, if they were to be sick, it would happen soon and be quickly gotten over.

For the first two or three days nothing happened to mar the pleasure of the passage, but rough weather that night caused some to feel a little queer and there were several missing the next morning at the nine o'clock parade for physical training. This condition continued for three days, some getting well as others went sick.

Boxing and wrestling bouts were held on the seventh day, three of the 66th boys winning easily.

The ship's concert party gave a fine show in the main dining saloon the next evening, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Shortly after reveille on the morning of September 23rd land was sighted. It was the north coast of Ireland, but it was so far away that it was very indistinct. From then on interest was keen in the Battery as the captain of the "Metagama" had a wager with the captain of the "Scandinavian" as to which ship would dock first at Liverpool. The boats kept well together during the morning and around noontime the Isle of Man was passed on the port side. The "Scandinavian" then

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made an attempt to forge ahead, by taking an inside course, but failed, and in the afternoon when the "Metagama's" best shift of stokers came on duty, she immediately began to crawl ahead. By four o'clock the race was won and the "Metagama" crew was happy. On entering the mouth of the Mersey at 4.30 p.m. the Battery had its first glimpse of England. While steaming up the river New Brighton, a famous summer resort, was passed, and one was able to get a good idea of the size of Liverpool harbour shortly afterwards.

The "Metagama" docked at 5.20 p.m. and by 5.40 p.m. the troops were entrained. As this was the first piece of army work accomplished without a hitch and in as quick a time, as had been seen, the boys were well impressed. At six o'clock the trains began to pull out of the station. The talk for the first half hour was about the size of the compartments and coaches themselves and also of the engine and the size and strength of the whistle. The whole outfit appeared to be like a toy, but the speed at which it travelled soon disillusioned everyone. The first stop was made at Birmingham and everybody headed for the lunch counter. It was here that the boys had their initial introduction to a barmaid and, as she was a very pretty girl, it was decided then and there that the Battery was against prohibition. Those who had signed pledges immediately tore them up. Before the train pulled out again it had been found out, from the guards at the station, that Witley Camp was the Battery's destination, but as nobody knew where Witley was the information was of very little use.

Milford, the station for Witley Camp, was reached at 3.45 a.m. and everyone was told to "Fall In." Then began a walk that will be remembered for all time to come by the 66th Battery.

As the boys started out on that journey to camp the question on all sides was, "How far have we got to go?" The morale was low, as it was pitch dark, cold, and foggy, and everyone was cramped from the long train ride. It seemed too as though there was more equipment to be carried than at Halifax, if that were possible.

When the first halt was called there could be heard go up a great sigh of relief. Then out of the night there issued

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a weird, never-to-be-forgotten sound, "Gri-pes," "Gri-pes," "they're all ri-pe, they're all ri-pe." From every corner came exclamations and it was decided to investigate the cause of this rumpus. The producer of these strange sounds was found to be a fat, greasy "coster," with a green muffler wrapped round his head and shoulders, and when some one produced a flashlight, it was seen that he was actually selling "Gra-pes."

After several weary stages of marching had been made, broken by short rests, the camp was finally sighted, and those who still seemed to have a little life and interest in the world left, lost whatever they had immediately. That first long, lingering gaze at Witley Camp added the finishing touches to a miserable morning.

Huts were allotted to the different subsections and the kits were thrown down gladly. About an hour later tea was issued and as usual on such occasions the morale went up a few notches. Some of the boys began to look the camp over a little, as it was then light, but about all that could be seen was row after row of huts, capable of holding thirty men, broken here and there by a large wash room or latrine. They soon wearied of this and came back again to wait further orders. These came out in a few hours and were to the effect that bed boards and trestles were to be drawn from the stores and were to be set up in the various huts. When this had been accomplished and dinner eaten the work for the day was over.

The village of Milford is situated about four hundred yards from the edge of the Artillery Camp and consists of some very attractive homes and a few stores. Godalming is the nearest place of any size and importance and lies in a pretty valley about two miles from camp. It is on the main road running from Portsmouth to London and before the war was well known to automobilists, as it was easily reached by good roads and had many attractive surroundings. The famous Charter House School for boys is on a height over-looking the town. The stores are good and are stocked with the many little articles in demand by soldiers at all times. It also boasts of having two good hotels, where one can on all occasions satisfy the inner man.

If one wandered down the road four miles toward London,

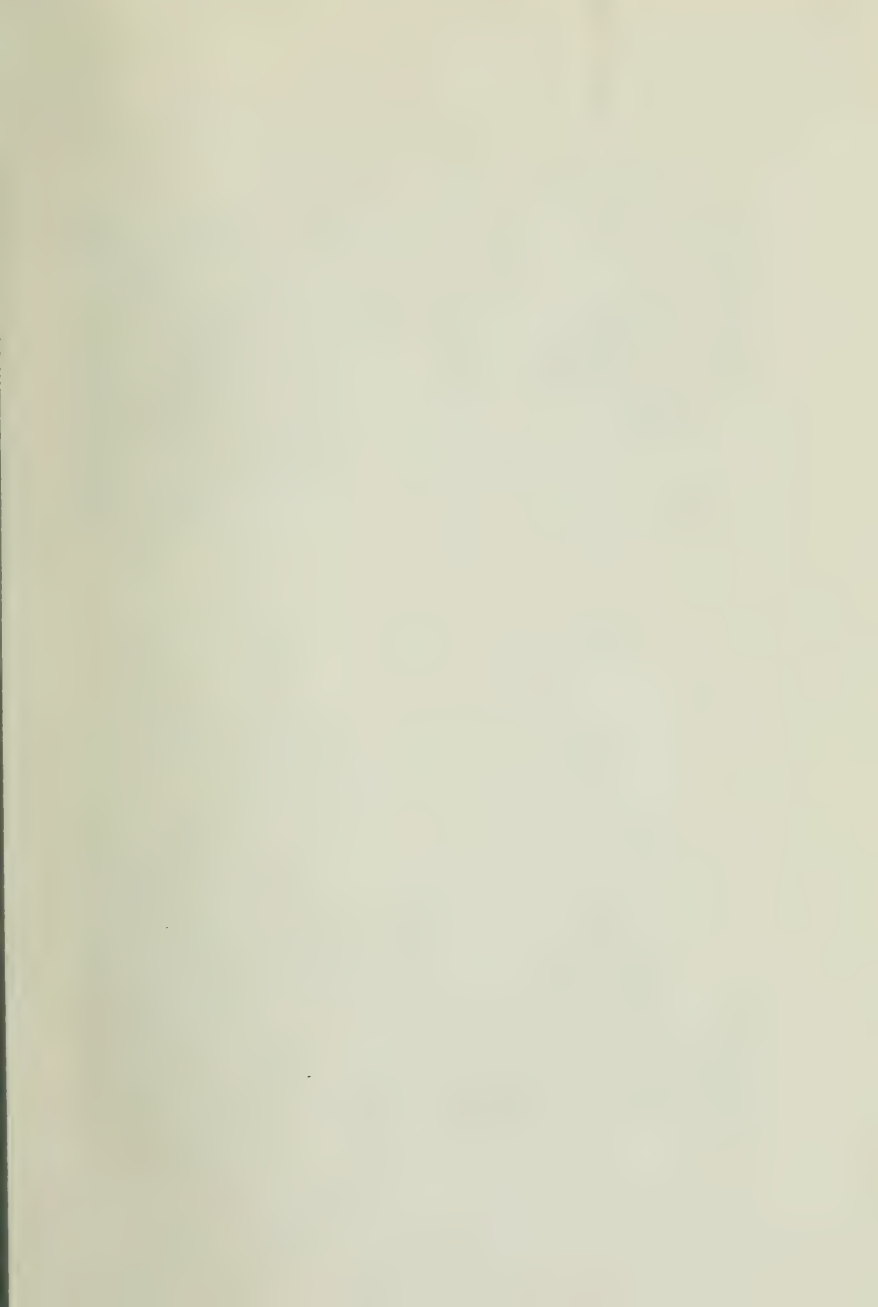
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Guildford, the metropolis of the district, would be reached. It is a very famous old town, with a tumble down castle nestling among the trees which cover the top of one of the highest hills. It also has many good stores and hotels and a new show appears at its Theatre Royal weekly.

When the men returned home that first evening many stories were told of Godalming, Guildford, and the Surrey scenery, and many remarks made of what then seemed strange English customs.

Then began the usual work of getting settled in a new home. This continued with physical training and short route marches mixed in, until about October 2nd, when word came that half the Battery was to have six days' leave, which was to commence on October 6th. Half of each subsection was to go at a time, and arrangements finally made so that friends could get away together. The boys left with hearty farewells and many warnings and the others waited for six long tiresome days to pass away. Inside of two weeks the famous leave was over for everyone and there was plenty to talk about for many days to come. It was during the second half of this leave that Sergeant Beriau sprained his ankle playing football and Corporal Stewart took over his subsection, being promoted to the rank of sergeant.

A lull in the activities of the Battery then followed, while those higher up made the necessary arrangements for equipping the units with a thousand and one accessories for active service. These arrived gradually and as certain parts of equipment became complete, work in that line commenced in earnest. The gunners were busy getting acquainted with the eighteen-pounder gun, which proved to be very different from the old twelve-pounders that had been used in Petawawa, and learning gun drill which is a very tiresome occupation. The drivers put in their hours in getting the horses paired off properly in their respective places and in cleaning harness, which was inspected every day by the Battery officers and weekly by the Colonel. Everyone was keen and the days passed quickly although the weather man did everything in his power to put a damper on things. The men then began to appreciate the clear, dry climate of Canada.





BATTLE OF SQUIRT, WITLEY CAMP



DRIVERS WATERING HORSES, WITLEY CAMP

England

It was during the month of November that the old custom of mounted parades came into being again and the Battery was informed that it would be inspected by General Dodds, the Divisional Commander, and the Brigade Major on a large estate near the camp owned by Lord Pirie, one of the most prominent shipbuilders in England. This event took place, the Battery coming into action and taking up a position in the open. It was different from the inspections in Petawawa, as both General and Major went from gun to gun asking many awkward questions, which were found to be very difficult to answer. However, everyone was wiser when they returned home that day although they had been criticized thoroughly. Mr Rowand was attached to the Battery at this time.

The next inspection, which followed shortly afterwards, was by General Fox, an Imperial Officer. Nothing startling happened as it was conducted very much on the lines of the former one and he seemed to be fairly well satisfied.

In the few days that separated these inspections the 66th Battery had its first serious conflict with military Laws and Regulations. The condition of the food had been very bad for weeks, and as the messing was being run by Brigade, many complaints had been made by all the batteries, especially by Major Oland and the orderly officers in turn. However, nothing had been done to improve matters, which finally came to a head when the food was worse than usual. The entire Battery went on Sick Parade, claiming that they were unable to do the work without nourishment. Brigade immediately got busy, the Battery was ordered to parade, K.R. & O. was read and the boys discovered that, according to Military Laws, the 66th had mutinied. Nobody intended to worry about that if the food was improved, and the very next morning saw many changes for the better in the system. There were a few regrettable incidents however; one was that one of the N.C.O.'s who paraded to the M.O. was reduced to the ranks; the second, that the Battery received a black name for a while in the Brigade, and finally, owing to letters sent from people in Montreal, a Court of Inquiry was held in which the men stood by Major Orland and in which he was absolutely acquitted of

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all responsibility in the affair, for which the men were truly thankful.

Almost before it was realized, the Christmas season was close at hand, it was decided that everything possible should be done to make this, the first Christmas Day in the army, a memorable one ; not that it was considered possible to equal those at home in the past, but that it was hoped that the loss could be lessened as much as possible.

A committee was chosen, being made up of a representative from each subsection, with an officer at the head, and all the necessary arrangements were left almost entirely in their hands. Turkeys, pork, vegetables, cranberry sauce, pies, nuts, raisins, ginger ale and beer were bought, and this was due to a great extent to the generosity of two gentlemen, who sent money to the Battery for this purpose, and to Mr Hodgson, who established the Battery Fund at that time. Parties were sent out to collect holly and evergreens which were very plentiful around the camp. It was decided to hold the dinner in a spare hut and this was very well decorated and made exceedingly attractive, thanks to the good taste and artistic temperaments of some of the boys. Large tables and benches were obtained from the Brigade Mess Room and the dirty rough surfaces were nicely camouflaged with coloured paper. Arrangements were made for a bakery in Godalming to cook the turkeys, these being collected a few hours before the dinner was served. The men did not have to go to the dinner, however, to get their first taste of Christmas, as a large hamper was given to each subsection in the morning. These baskets had been donated by Mrs and the Misses Hodgson, and the numerous packages made up by a committee of ladies consisting of Mrs Oland, Mrs Bates, Mrs and Miss Whitehead, who were very successful in arranging the many little delicacies for the boys.

Owing to the fact that the 66th was to be Duty Battery for the Brigade on December 25th, and as this duty would entail the necessary absence of a considerable part of the Battery, Christmas Eve was perforce chosen as the day for the dinner. The festivities commenced at six o'clock, the officers being seated at a table at the far end of the hut, the tables for the men being arranged around the room. The N.C.O.'s although inexperienced as waiters nevertheless managed to

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carry out their work exceedingly well and no complaints were heard.

One of the best laughs of the evening came after the meat course, when it was discovered that in some mysterious manner Scotch whisky had managed to mingle with some ginger ale in the glass of an officer, who professed to be a strict teetotaller. Judging by the expression on his face directly after that long swallow of "Pop" he didn't seem to be enjoying the dinner as well as had been hoped for. Outside of this sad mishap, the repast was a wonderful success, and after a few words by the Major the musical programme and entertainment were commenced. This continued for several hours, being interrupted only by applause and by the call for the picquet to "Fall In." As far as is known, that was the only picquet in the history of the Battery that ever marched to the stables singing. As a matter of fact, they didn't care whether they were going on duty at the stables or were going on a twenty mile route march. The fun continued until about midnight, when the boys dispersed to their various huts for a little much-needed sleep, gloriously happy and ready for their many duties on Christmas Day. Altogether the dinner was a triumph, not only as a banquet but for the men who had organized and managed the affair so well.

Two or three days after Christmas the Brigade got orders that it was to proceed to Lark Hill, Salisbury Plains, for gunnery practice. Preparations were made and the Battery entrained at Milford with horses, guns, and wagons at eleven o'clock on the morning of December 31st. This journey turned out to be long and tiresome, the Battery finally detraining about seven o'clock. It was pitch dark and pouring rain, but large arc lights on the station platform made the harnessing up and hooking in of the horses an easy matter. After about a three-hour march through the murky darkness the Battery was at last lined up in a large field, the horses put into stables, and the boys went to bed in huts very much like those in Witley. The New Year's morning proved to be bright and windy, but as the camp itself was voted to be the last place on God's green earth, the weather man was given very little thanks for his New Year's gift. Work was begun directly after breakfast,

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the horses hooked in, and off went the Battery for some manoeuvres, which were very well carried out. In the afternoon the boys cleaned harness, which was a poor beginning for the New Year, as harness cleaning by this time was the one great curse of a soldier's life.

During the evening it was discovered that one of the boys in C Subsection had taken measles, which necessitated the quarantining of the entire sub. This of course placed the Battery at a great disadvantage, as gunners from other subs. had to drive their horses which were strange to them and a miscellaneous gun crew had to be formed each day to man their gun. Nevertheless, the gunners proved to be so well trained that, although working under difficulties, they managed to make a most creditable showing and in no way did the prestige of the Battery suffer due to their work.

The Battery had manoeuvres again the next morning, but in the afternoon the boys were given a little time to themselves, many of them making use of the opportunity for the purpose of seeing Stonehenge, one of the most historic spots in England, it being an ancient shrine of the Druids.

On the next day the 66th made its initial trip to the ranges, taking up a position under cover. The Major took charge of the preliminary shoot, the other officers being called upon in turn to engage new targets. The Battery returned in the afternoon after an interesting day's work, tired but with something new to talk of.

The units were inspected during the second shoot by General Fox, by whom they had been reviewed in Witley, only one complaint being made which was considered to be of great importance, this marring the otherwise fine turnout of the Battery, namely, the dirty condition of the men's footwear. This was absolutely unjust criticism, as the mud on this occasion was only knee deep in places. Perhaps this trivial incident will enable those, who have never experienced the joys of a soldier's life, to appreciate the thanks meted out to the boys for hard work well done.

The ten-day visit at Lark Hill included three days' firing, the only variation being, that on the last day's shoot, the guns moved from a covered position to a position in the open,

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thus giving the men an opportunity to lay directly on the target and to observe the effect of their fire.

These horses, drivers, guns and wagons were taken over by the 56th and 81st Batteries on the days when the 66th was not in action, the reason for this being that only two batteries in each brigade took complete equipment, the others sending only gunners, this facilitating the transportation of the Division. On the days when the equipment was being used by the other units, the boys made trips into the famous old town of Salisbury, going through the well-known cathedral and having meals in some of the ancient taverns for which the place is renowned.

At last, on the tenth day, preparations were made for the gunners to return to Witley, the drivers being compelled with one limber gunner from each subsection to remain, as they had to work with the gunners of the 53rd Battery which had just arrived. Great was the joy of the gunners at the thought of leaving Lark Hill, that cold, dreary, barren, muddy, desolate waste. The army authorities with their usual inconsistency had stationed there the troops least fitted for that climate, these being the Australians. As the Canadians themselves found these conditions so harrowing, one can perhaps imagine the trials suffered by the poor Aussies, men who had been used to such a warm, dry climate and who were not clothed or equipped for such trying weather.

Late in the evening the gunners arrived back to what now seemed a real home, and great was their joy on discovering the ends of all the huts blocked up with Christmas parcels—in fact, some of the packages had to be moved in order to allow the boys, who slept in that vicinity, a chance to crawl into bed. The Orderly Room was hardly recognizable the next morning, as three large Canadian mails had arrived during the Battery's absence, the result being that although a great portion had been sorted and placed in the various huts, a great deal still remained in the Battery Office, and the verandah in front was literally blocked with bags piled three and four high.

After dinner word came in that those who had returned must turn out with the 53rd Battery horses and drivers for a divisional route march, the parade moving off about

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eight o'clock that evening. The reason for this event was to enable the units to become acquainted with night marches, but the idea was not appreciated by the men. However, after much yelling, cursing, checking and halting through the small villages, deep in peaceful slumber, the journey finally came to an end, thanks being offered to high heaven for small mercies.

From then until the return of the drivers, which took place about ten days later, very little work was done, as the equipment was still at Lark Hill. The remainder of the Battery arrived in the early hours of the morning, and once again the army made use of its opportunity to make its soldiers uncomfortable, a route march being ordered for eight o'clock in the morning, the poor drivers and horses being compelled to start out without rest after their tiring journey during the night. This march was down the Portsmouth Road through Godalming, then half-way to Guildford, where the horses were watered and fed and the men had a short rest and a sandwich. Then came the long journey home again, vehicles parked, stables finished, and at last the weary men were enabled to obtain a little well-earned sleep. Even at a time like this, when so many of the men were tired out, army discipline could not be forgotten. One subsection turned out of stables fifteen minutes earlier than usual and walked to their hut. They were discovered there by a conscientious officer, who immediately ordered them back to the stables again to make up for the lost time in work. "It's a great life, isn't it?"

Early the next morning rumours began to circulate through the camp that there was to be a redistribution of the Division and that all batteries were to be changed from four-gun to six-gun units, this necessitating the breaking up of one-third of the entire number of batteries in the camp. Needless to say this caused great excitement, and when that night it became almost a certainty that the old 66th was to become a thing of the past, so great was the feeling and sorrow that a great portion of the Battery became drunk, so that they might forget their many troubles. The men arose with long faces at the following reveille, as the right and left sections felt that this was to be their last day together. In the afternoon it became known officially that

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the 66th was to remain intact and was to get as its supplement the left section of the 56th Battery. Words cannot express the deep sentiment of the boys. They slapped each other on the back, fell into each others' arms, shook hands, yelled, sang, danced and acted in a dozen foolish ways. The knowledge that the old Battery was to carry on with such a fine addition, and that old friends were to be enabled to remain and fight together, was a good augury for the future success of the Battery. All this excitement and happiness was the cause of another glorious celebration, but for an entirely different reason than that of the night before.

The 56th Battery had been a part of the 14th Brigade since the old Petawawa days, so was well known by the 66th not only for its good work, but for the fine class of fellows by whom it was made up. It had been formed in March 1916 at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and although not fully recruited from the University, the deficiencies had been filled by ex-students and friends of the boys. They, of course, were very much disappointed at the early demise of the unit for which they had worked so hard, but with the knowledge that this was necessary they were pleased that they were joining the 66th, which at that time was a popular and well-known unit, not only on account of its record in work, but for the quality of its men. Therefore the union was made with the best of feeling on both sides, and there has never been the slightest sign of a change in that attitude.

Several new officers came to the Battery at this time. Capt. Riley, formerly O.C. of the 59th Battery, was attached as second in command, Mr Culver coming with him as Left Section Commander. Mr Higgins and Mr Atkins were transferred from the old 56th, but they were both a short time later retransferred to the reserve in Shorncliffe, being accompanied by Mr Reed of the 66th. It was hard to see some of the old faces disappear, but this big change had cut down greatly the number of officers required to complete the total establishment. Mr Rowand was transferred to the 13th Brigade. The new 14th was then made up of the 58th, 60th, 61st and 66th Batteries, the 60th and 61st both being Western units, and Col. Ogilvie was placed in command.

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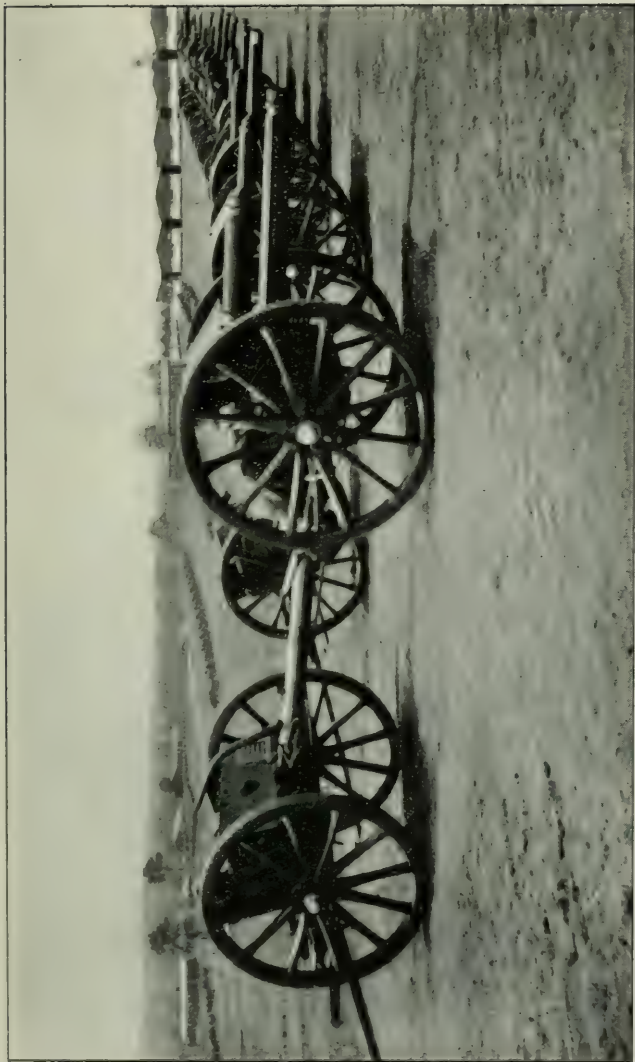
Thus on the 22nd day of January 1917 the augmented 66th entered on a new period of its life.

With the coming of a new section to the Battery more manœuvres were commenced, as battery drill and many movements in the field and in action were altered and had to be learnt by every one. The thought of an early departure for France was given up, and once more the units settled down to another session of peaceful warfare.

On the 1st day of February another big change came into effect. General Dodds' Division of Artillery, which up till this time had been the 4th C.D.A. and which had expected to go to France at an early date to relieve the Lahore Imperial Division, which was supporting the 4th Canadian Division of Infantry, now became the 5th Division, to support the infantry then in Witley. The thought of removing the maple leaves, the old 4th Division sign, from the vehicles and of painting on the sign of a junior division was not pleasing, to say the least. In this manner on February 1st the 5th C.D.A. came into being, the 4th C.D.A. being made up of a brigade from the 1st Division and a brigade from the 2nd.

After some time had been spent for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the new formations and tactics, section training was ordered from Brigade. This proved to be very interesting work. The Lieut. in charge would act as O.C. and the N.C.O.'s would perform the duties of officers, this being beneficial to all. Positions would be taken up, and after being in action for some time, with perhaps an advance or two, wagon lines would be installed and the section would have a pleasant hour or two in bivouac, then would wander home again. During this time Mr M'Cutcheon, the Right Section Commander, was transferred to the Trench Mortars, much to the regret of all, and was replaced by Mr Babbage, who had had practical experience with the Royal Field Artillery in India.

Towards the end of February the whole Battery went out instead of the sections, and some good work was done on Hankley Common, the big training ground at Witley. The various trips were enjoyed by the men, as they helped to make the time pass quickly and new places were often seen.



5TH DIVISIONAL GUN PARK, WITLEY, SURREY

England

There was a Red Cross Detention Hut in the camp that was used for men who were on their way to hospital and for those who were not sick enough to go, but until this time it had been a dreary, dismal spot. The ladies who had helped the Battery so much at Christmas time now came to the rescue and turned that hut into a real hospital ward, and made things so comfortable and pleasant with curtains on the windows, decorations, slippers, dressing-gowns and reading material, that the sick parade immediately became larger, as it was then the most attractive and desirable place in camp. Thanks must be given them for their kind efforts, as it proved to be a godsend to the sick boys, and their hard work was certainly appreciated.

The first death in the Battery occurred on February 27th, when word came from hospital that Gunner Parliament had died of pneumonia. Although he was not well known, as he was a left section man and had only been in the Battery two or three days before being taken ill, his death was felt by all, and it was a solemn column of boys who marched to the strains of the Funeral March, played by an infantry band who had kindly loaned their services for the occasion, behind the gun carriage drawn by six big black horses, after the service, which was held in the church in Milford. He was laid to rest in the cemetery on the edge of the camp, and a nice tombstone was erected in memorial.

On about the 18th of March orders came to the Division that the 15th Brigade was to proceed overseas as reinforcements. Some of the subsections in these batteries were then in quarantine, so it was necessary for them to be replaced from other units. The 66th was ordered to transfer one sub. for this purpose, and after much deliberation D subsection, under Sergt. Ambridge, was chosen. They left for France with a great send-off on March 21st, 1917, where they were then transferred to the 25th Battery in the 2nd Division.

The new subsection was attached two or three days later, and once more the 66th was rearranged. Where formerly it had been made up of four Montreal sections, it now consisted of three Montreal subs., two O.A.C. subs. and one Hamilton sub. The Battery was again lucky in getting as its addition a fine bunch of boys. They had originally

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enlisted with the 47th Battery in Toronto in February 1916, but in November 1917 the number was changed to the 80th. In January, when the batteries had been altered to six-gun units, they had been transferred to the 81st Battery, so by the time they became part of the 66th it was not a new experience for them to work with strangers. They were splendid boys, and although it was hard to say good-bye to one of the old original subsections, yet the men welcomed the new-comers and did their best to make them feel at home, and this was quickly accomplished, as they were easy to become acquainted with.

The next event on the schedule was a trip to the Mytchette Rifle Ranges at Aldershot. It was lots of fun and a new experience, and best of all it helped to break up the monotony of camp life a little.

Plans were drawn up about this time to hold sports in the Division. They were to be of an army character, not the usual kind of athletics. Events such as, best six-horse team, casualty race, S.O.S. race, tug-of-war, wrestling on horseback, V.C. race, etc., were on the programme. Perhaps it would not be amiss to give a rough idea as to the meanings of these terms.

For the "Best Six-Horse Team" event six horses specially chosen and groomed were harnessed to an ammunition wagon and were judged by the entire turnout—that is, the condition of the harness and vehicle were taken into consideration as well as the horses themselves.

In the "Casualty Race" six horses were hooked into an ammunition wagon with a mounted No. 1 in charge and three gunners on the seats, and were driven around a hundred-yard square. At each corner a casualty to the outfit occurred, which had to be straightened out immediately. At the first corner the pole broke, being replaced by the spare carried under the wagon; at the second the near lead horse and rider were killed, being replaced by the No. 1 with his horse, and at the third the wheel team and driver were casualties, the lead team taking their places. This was the hardest event in the sports.

In the "S.O.S. Race" two wagon teams were tied unharnessed to a picketing rope and the men lay in their blankets in rear. On the signal being given the men

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harnessed their horses, hooked into the wagons and drove a hundred yards. When the team crossed the line they were inspected, this being done to ensure the judges the harnessing had been properly done.

The "Tug of War" was the same as the usual event, except that, instead of standing on the ground to pull the rope, the men sat on horses bareback.

The "Wrestling on Horseback" was a good event, the men riding bareback. The object was to make one's opponent touch the ground with any part of his body, this eliminating him from the contest.

In the "V.C. Race" the men rode to a spot where a dummy man lay on the ground, picked it up, placed it across the pommel of the saddle and rode back, the man making the best time being the winner.

The 14th Brigade had a preliminary meet in which the 66th did very well. About three days before the divisional finals a special event was run off in the Casualty Race, as one of the batteries felt that they had a better casualty team than F sub. of the 66th. There was a great gathering for this race, the divisional headquarters staff and both brigade staffs being present, and enormous wagers were made by officers and men alike. The 66th had so much money to bet that the other Battery was unable to cover a quarter of the amount. F. sub. won two races so easily that no doubt remained as to which was the better team, and the Battery was slightly richer as a result.

The Divisional Sports were held on Hankley Common on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, and once again the 66th became famous. They won the casualty and S.O.S. races with very little opposition, also the tug-of-war event, and came second in the V.C. race, these three firsts and one second putting them well ahead of the other batteries. As a result the 14th Brigade had a glorious victory over their old-time rivals of the 13th.

The work of Sergt. Bird in his casualty team is worthy of special mention. They laboured conscientiously for days to perfect their system of working together, and as they made these changes and drove almost four hundred yards in the wonderful time of one minute twenty-seven seconds very little more need be said. As far as can be ascertained

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from questioning old army men, 'this time has never been equalled.

Towards the end of April and the beginning of May the weather was so hot that the horses were very seldom taken out for manœuvres. The time was filled in by harness cleaning and in grazing the horses in near-by fields. Baseball was the leading game in the line of sports and good contests were enjoyed.

A big sports day was held in Godalming on the 24th of May. Field events were pulled off and were exceedingly good. Blades of the infantry proved himself to be a wonderful all-round athlete by winning a large number of the contests. The 13th Brigade beat the Divisional Signallers in baseball, which was a good win for the artillery. Gunner Herscovitch of the 66th was beaten in the big boxing bout, but as he was up against the champion of England he was in no way disgraced.

From this period on nothing of great importance took place. Relay races were organized between the different battalions and brigades of artillery. The 13th Brigade won the first and finished second in the next race.

The Y.M.C.A. helped to make the time pass pleasantly in the evenings, thanks to the incessant efforts of Capt. Jones, who was a great friend of the 66th. He was greatly assisted by Mr Boulderson, who brought several fine concert parties with him from London, and by Mrs Henderson, who had some of the cleverest and most charming entertainers in England visit her for the week-ends, and who since that time has received the O.B.E. for her valuable work amongst the troops in Witley. In some unaccountable way the 66th always seemed to manage to capture the first four or five rows in the hut, which was filled far beyond its capacity on all occasions.

In June the Major obtained a tennis court for the Battery, where many enjoyable afternoons and evenings were passed away with good games.

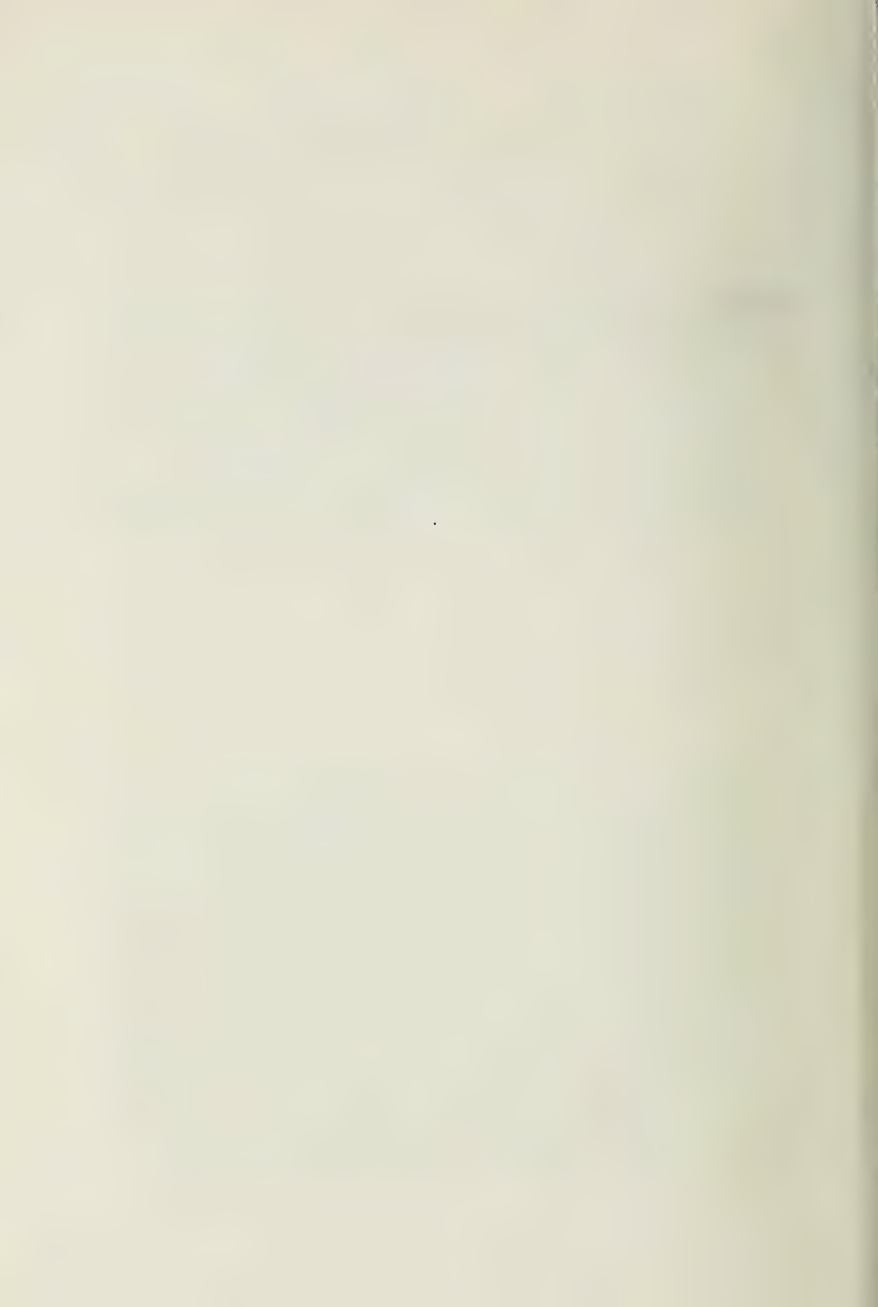
During this month the Battery dug gun pits and stayed out a night or two in action and bivouac at Gold Hill. The 66th had one unlucky day while digging those pits. One of the gunners, while thinking of home or of some girl in Godalming or Guildford, brought his pick down on top of



BATTERY ON BIVOUAC, HANKLEY COMMON



ONE OF THE GUN-PITS AT GOLD HILL



England

Bomb. Wiltshire's head instead of on a piece of turf, the result being that the bombardier was rushed to the detention hut, where he was patched up in good shape. Sometimes it's a good thing to have an ivory dome. When he was brought into the hut it was discovered that he had company from the Battery, as Hogan, a horse as gentle as the name implies, had kicked Driver M'Laughlin on the shin bone while on an exercise ride and had broken his leg.

Shortly afterwards there was so little work to be done that the 66th made a trip to Frensham Pond, a very pretty spot, where the horses were put on picketing lines and the time was spent with sports and trips to Farnham and the surrounding district.

On about the 24th of the month the 14th Brigade made a trip to Petworth, the Wagon Lines being situated on Lord Leconfield's beautiful estate. The weather on the whole was fine and the boys enjoyed the stay thoroughly, taking bicycle rides to the south coast. There was only one mishap which occurred about the second night, when there was such a downpour of rain that the 66th had the worst wetting of its life. That certainly was a never-to-be-forgotten drenching. Orders then came that the Division was to proceed overseas, so most of the men rode to camp to arrange their kits, but about two hours after their arrival the order was cancelled, so the men journeyed back again, once more disappointed. After about a two weeks' visit the 14th returned to Witley.

Then the Division was inspected by the King. The 14th Brigade was doing gun drill as he passed.

An officers' gymkhana was held on about the 22nd, some good tent-pegging being done. The Major upheld the good name of the Battery by winning one of the events, thanks to his long legs.

On the 1st of August a horse show took place in which the Battery was very little interested. However, Capt. Riley's horse won first prize, as the best officer's charger, the credit being due to a great extent to his groom, Harrison, who took a great deal of interest in the horse.

Shortly after this horse show the first edition of the *Strafer*, the 66th Battery magazine, was published. The staff had been organized a few months before, with Corporal

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Carncross as editor, and this first issue had been looked forward to eagerly by all. It proved to be a great success, and judging by the messages received from the folks in Canada, to whom it had been sent, they appreciated the boys' efforts and thought the book a fine production.

Manœuvres were planned for the entire Division ; infantry, artillery, and signallers participating, and the 14th started out for Midhurst. The work was well carried out, but the journeys were so long and the rations so poor that it was the hardest work that had been done in England. The plans for the last day were cancelled and the units ordered to proceed direct to camp, as they were to be inspected by the Duke of Connaught. It was hoped that this was to be the last and that the 5th Artillery would sail shortly afterwards.

Mr Stanton was transferred to the Battery from Divisional Headquarters and took over the Right Section, replacing Mr Babbage, who went to the 61st.

The Division was inspected on Hankley Common and it was a wonderful sight. The horses, vehicles, and men made a fine showing as they marched past and were highly complimented. A day or so later definite news came that the division was to sail on August 21st.

Preparations were made amidst great excitement, kit inspections were held, gas masks examined for the last time, and finally on August 19th the men were confined to camp.

It was then that everyone realized the number of friends that had been made during the stay in Witley. People came from every direction and some of the final farewells were so long and lingering, that they almost seemed to be sincere. Here's hoping the girls didn't take those last few words and caresses too seriously.

Early on the morning of August 21st the 66th made its last march from dear old Witley Camp and entrained for Southampton, the right half battery going on the first train and the left half on the second. A quick journey was made and, shortly after arriving at the station, loading was commenced, and in an incredibly short time the horses, guns, and wagons were embarked.

England

At last, on the 21st day of August 1917, the 66th Battery realized that the many weary weeks and months of training were over and were looking forward cheerfully and optimistically to the real work in France, for which they had originally enlisted and which had seemed so far away.

Part III

TRENCH WARFARE

CHAPTER I

Arrival

THE Future is ever of more moment to the soldier than the Present. Army life, as that of man and his seven stages, consists of periods of progression, that period just ahead being the most attractive. The 66th Battery had passed its infantile stage in Petawawa, its youth in eleven months of Witley training. Now it looked forward keenly to the days when it should become adult and experience France and Active Service in its actuality.

Six o'clock of the evening of August 21st, 1917, the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery set sail from Southampton. To transport horses and guns in a cattle boat is neither a congenial nor an easy task, particularly for those who carry out the manual labour. But the sea was quiet, the heavens were clear, the horses claimed no more attention than usual, and three clean-cut, keen-eyed destroyers kept the U-boats in their places. So what might have been a most disagreeable journey proved an interesting though uneventful sail between England and the Continent. 'Tis true the men had perforce to find places to lay their weary heads on hard-wood floors or uncomfortable benches. And army biscuit and bully beef were quite acceptable after a few hours of sharp sea air.

A clear and sunny day followed. Towards noon land became visible. There, rising out of the east, was France ! The sentiment that stirred the troops was more profound than a thrill. France was a goal to which end all these men had worked. Here lay the world's battlefield and they

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were on the eve of entering it as participants in the conflict. Rather more prominent than the thought of the horrors and sufferings that might await them dwelt the realization that at last they were to be soldiers, real soldiers, who would help in driving out the invaders of peace. By one-thirty the convoy was docked at La Havre.

Immediately the Battery was formed up on deck, laden with the cumbersome kit that is the property of artillerymen. When on land the men without delay piled their goods and chattels on the wharves, and, stripped to their shirts, set to work removing the horses from their cramped and hot quarters. Soon the shipload of men, animals, and baggage was transferred to Mother Earth and the exhausted workers enjoyed a well-earned respite.

In their wanderings about the harbour some of the boys located a smiling Frenchman in custody of many barrels of *Vin Rouge*. After some diplomacy and many blandishments the Frenchy became sociable. In spite of the ever-increasing queue before him he amiably served glowing wine into cups and mess tins. All persuaded themselves that the beverage was delicious. Many returned for further helpings and some waxed talkative ere the supply ran out.

At last a parade was called. Teams were hooked into their respective guns and ammunition wagons. With Major Oland at the head the 66th moved out into the busy streets of Le Havre. A novel experience it was to rattle through the thoroughfares of a foreign city. Smiling faces and welcoming nods greeted the newly arrived Canadians. Along the boulevard above the beach the column wended its way. With straining horses a steep hill was topped and the Battery proceeded to the outskirts of the town, where the weary travellers saw row upon row of military tents. A sign-board bearing the legend "B Camp" verified the surmise that the day's destination had been attained.

The arrival at a destination did not mean, however, that the day's work was at an end. A mounted unit must look after its horses. With these duties attended to the men were free to eat supper and lay down their blankets in the tents allotted to them. Here the sleep due to those who have accomplished a big day's work in a just cause claimed them this their first night in France.

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This "B Camp" was known as a Rest Camp. According to the soldiers the name was given it because no one ever rested while there. By six o'clock the world of canvas became a bee-hive of industry. For a soldier must ever be spic-and-span of appearance and brilliant of button when the trumpet sounds at nine o'clock.

During the dinner hour the huge Expeditionary Forces' Canteen in the camp was visited. The men manifested pleasant surprise on seeing the stock of edibles accessible in France and the promise of supplies nearer the Front. In the afternoon there was a long, hot march to another camp. Here a strenuous vapour bath repaid them for a tiring walk. Hints of an early move put all to bed shortly after dusk.

Out of the silence flared noise, noise of the most obnoxious variety—a trumpeted *Reveille*. When some of the sleep had been rubbed out of the eyes of disgruntled soldiers they found it was two a.m., black dark. From the confusion each man crawled, bearing his kit, and found his way to the stables. Amid chaos and curses harness was thrown on the teams and the necessary packing completed for an immediate move. When the turn-out was ready to the satisfaction of the sergt.-major the officers put in an appearance and took their horses from the grooms.

Through the night the Battery marched along the cobblestoned streets of the city, vault-like in slumber. By the time it reached the railway station another fine day was under way.

At the station came the monotonous delay that inevitably accompanies movement of troops. Iron Rations were gotten out, and with the addition of tea and biscuits from a canteen close by hunger was eliminated from the discomforts. However, all things good and bad come to an end—about noon everything was loaded and the boys took their places in freight cars marked *Hommes* 40—*Chevaux* 8. With its panting little engine the train pulled northward with a cargo of 18-pdrs., ready to join in the game of strafing the Hun.

France is proud of its scenic beauty. The pretty fields and prosperous lands with their insets of quaint old villages made a favourable impression on the Canadian travellers, and the day on the train was voted a most pleasant trip. Past Amiens and still north through the night the Battery

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was bumped along. In the morning the 66th awoke at Lillers, the end of the train journey. More bustle and scurry ! In no time the Battery was again a mobile fighting unit. Once more the guns found themselves trundled along country roads. A six kilometre march is not a long one, and before noon of August 25th the column turned off the highway into a village called Ames.

Ames is a village a trifle more slovenly than the usual habitation of northern France. The manure heaps in front of the dwellings are a little more nauseous, the stream of sewerage flowing by the road is more impairing to the district's sanitation, the habits of the villagers are less conventional.

Here the Battery pulled in. Vehicles and horse lines were placed in a large, level field which had evidently been the scene of former artillery occupation. Dry ground made excellent stable footing and the position appeared ideal. Quarters for the personnel were found in attics, barns, and rooms of the houses. It was strange to live among the civilians away from a camp. As in most continental places *estaminets* were plentiful, and those so inclined were not long in expressing their opinions of the beer, wine, and spirits on sale. In search of more substantial food some entered houses whose dirty windows bore cards reading "Eggs and Chips" and sampled France's national dish. Stores of a kind there were. But the newcomers soon discovered that Army Canteens and Y.M.C.A.'s were established for a purpose and that the only way to purchase necessities or luxuries in France was to buy the English and Canadian goods transported under control.

All too soon any ideas that lingered in the minds of the men as to the stay at Ames being a preparatory rest were sadly disillusioned. In Ames and the next village the 5th C.D.A. was stationed in its entirety. On the warning of inspections soon to come horses, harness, and guns were attacked with vigour and before long the steel shone as brilliantly as in the dress parades of Witley. According to schedule the Corps Commander, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, visited the batteries at work. Whether his searching glance took in the elaborate preparations made for his coming or not was a matter of much conjecture.

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Then came the rain. Two days found the gun park and horse lines a vast quagmire. The level field which the inspecting party had professed such an excellent position changed to a wallowing sea of mud—the sticky, grimy, lingering mud of France. How many grooming brushes lie buried there is to this day unknown. Men laboured knee-deep and horses sloshed uncomfortably.

Some days later the Division dragged itself out of its mud holes and marched to open country. Here the batteries of the two Brigades were formed up to the satisfaction of Brigadier-General Dodds and awaited the arrival of the Inspecting General. Rain came on and, with the usual incomprehensibility of Army Orders, overcoats were decreed off. Major-General Morrison, General Officer Commanding Canadian Corps Artillery, with his staff inspected minutely the fresh Division added to his artillery. Then the Division marched past in column to salute the General. The 66th marched back to its quagmire. Next day a drier place was found.

While these inspections were taking place and the mud was being fought, the Major and Lieut. Bates and the sergeants departed for the Front Line. Here, preparatory to bringing the Battery into action, they obtained an idea of work as carried on in the Forward Area. During their visit to the Lens Sector of the Western Front they were guests of the 19th Battery, C.F.A. On their return the sergeants were regarded with awe, experienced soldiers as they now were. Their tales held the open-mouthed attention of their audiences, though the sergeants' imaginations may have played havoc with their good judgment. Some found a "trench look" in the eyes of their subsection commanders, but the veracity of their observations has since been doubted. The boys were pleased to hear that the 5th Division would join the Canadians in front of Lens.

Lens was ahead whence came that distant rumbling as of a threatening storm. Morning of September 4th saw the 66th *en route* for the danger zone. The day was fine, the roads were dry. At noon the Battery rested and lunched by the roadside in view of the Chateau near Houdain, which for so long was First Army Headquarters.

The march continued. Orders, source unknown, were

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relayed down the line of vehicles instructing the gunners to make ready for action several rounds of shrapnel. These proceedings caused sarcastic prophesies of attacks by the enemy and desperate hand-to-hand fighting. And when nothing more alarming than the carts of civilians was encountered, witty comments proved the *morale* of the men unlowered.

Soon the scenery assumed a more war-like aspect. Loaded lorries, signs indicating roads to the Front, gas alarms and notices of precautionary measures to be taken, looked as if the scene of action was at last being approached. And when the fresh arrival passed through the well-known camp of Chateau-de-la-Haie and saw brother Canadians at rest, he knew that he had attained the goal set himself on donning khaki 'way back in the town called home. It was difficult to realize that he was now at war.

From Chateau-de-la-Haie forward the Battery pursued its weary way through Villers-au-Bois which had tasted the bitter hail of German gun-fire. Towards dusk the tired horses and men passed through the levelled ruins of Carency and halted on the slopes of famous Souchez Valley. Desolate and barren was the outlook from the new camp. Miles of lonesomeness interspersed with barb wire, discarded kit, and all the devastation which marks an erstwhile battle ground spread before the eyes. Across the valley lay Vimy Ridge.

So this was the War! These bleak and war-scarred hills were to be home! Whatever pictures, drawn from the tales of comrades who had seen service, dwelt in the minds of the uninitiated were very unlike the scene now before them. Nevertheless, they stood on Holy Ground. The little stream flowing so tranquilly a stone's throw away was the Souchez River which had, not so long since, run red with the blood of France's stalwart sons. But where were the bursting shells and roar of artillery that had always associated themselves with visions of war? The occasional boom of a big gun and the explosions of enemy anti-aircraft shells around British planes alone disturbed the serenity of a calm evening. The Line was not so demoralizing after all. So decided the newly-arrived as they crawled thankfully into their beds under the stars. But, this their opening

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night in the fighting zone, they slept with minds sobered by the realization that now they were themselves part of the great struggle and, taking their places with Canadians who had fought so valiantly, must as gloriously prove true soldiers of Canada.

In the early hours of the following morning strange sounds disturbed the slumberers. The hum of those planes overhead carried a menacing growl and three rending crashes not far distant signified distinct hostility. The Hun with his bombs was invading the precincts of Wagon Lines. But the planes flew away and sleep was regained with puzzled anxiety.

The first day was made busy with the erection of shelters in anticipation of wet weather. Here the men learned the art, and art it is, of salvaging. Boxes, boards, corrugated iron, posts, anything which might help build up a hovel were dragged laboriously by horse and man from dismantled gun pits and old dug-outs to the camp. Possession is more than nine points of a soldier's law, and any material he lays hands on which is not too closely guarded is his property. His code of ethics does not admit of claims by mere marked ownership. The dwellings thrown up with this salvaged material were original of architecture and by no means grand, but they sufficed to withstand the inclemency of the weather. And this work taught the men how much could be done to make themselves comfortable from scraps and makeshift tools. These labours continued till evening.

CHAPTER II

In Action

ORDERS came that evening of September 5th—vital orders for the 66th Battery. Two guns were to be put into action as soon after dark as possible. Mr Peck's command, C and D Subsections, was detailed for this duty. Amid the envious watching of those not privileged to go, the teams were hitched in. Gas masks were adjusted to the alert position, steel helmets worn. With the coming of dusk

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the little column set out to take its first journey up forward. Darkness had enshrouded the land by the time the main road was reached. Mingling with the somewhat congested traffic of motor lorries, supply trains and infantry, the section crawled along, a drop in that bucket of man-power and machinery on its way to feed the war. These roads which in daylight were pariah-like in their solitude now seethed with movement. Soon the part of the long procession occupied by the 66th party passed a Y.M.C.A. distributing tea to all comers. This, the boys were informed, was famous Souchez Corner, a landmark on the Western Front. They were duly impressed. On towards the noise.

Presently the parade was held up to await the passing of a miniature train on narrow tracks—Montreal Crossing. That name brought nagging memories ; evidently Canadians had travelled this road often. Still on. The frequent halts became aggravating. Meantime the officers were extraordinarily cautious. They issued orders to put out all cigarettes, evidently fearing that Fritz in his entrenchments over the hills would see the tiny glows and recognize the new Division. And there must be no loud talking. With the clattering of hoofs on cobble stones and the din of straining motor-engines one could scarcely hear himself think ; but, still, the enemy might have exceptionally keen ears. Oh, they were new to the game, too ! Further on the reason for incessant halting was discovered. A point had been reached where it became necessary to enforce an interval of thirty yards between each vehicle, so that if a shell should land on the thoroughfare it would not destroy more than one group. Life was becoming more exciting, and that curious exhilaration which inevitably accompanies new and unknown adventure drove every vestige of sleepiness from the mind.

Now the flashes of British guns and the bursts of enemy shells could be seen plainly. And, inexperienced as they were, the men were not quite sure which were which. Flares white and bright and silvery, like lovely fireworks, lighted the Front, seemingly just up ahead. But as the column moved on and on this "just up ahead" kept as far away as ever. What an experience is that first night journey "Up the Line" ! A man thinks to himself, "Well, here I am.

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It took me a long time to get here, but no matter what happens I've seen Active Service. And I'm glad I got over before the war finished." Everyone has his first night, whether he came in 1914 with the 1st Division—some of the red-patched Canadians are originals—or ages after with the purple-marked 5th. With thoughts and imaginations busy they continued past huge guns into the battered village of Angres. From Angres the way led into Lievin, one of the largest of the mining towns surrounding Lens. Up the Lens-Lievin Road, past the much-talked of Red Mill, the traffic diminished little and the infantrymen in file still plodded along. The flares of the Front Line remained as distant, but the wicked *crump* of bursting shells sounded close.

The first cross street was Australian Road, and here the 66th turned to the left and halted one block in. This was the gun position. The two guns were unlimbered on the road, each in front of a house, or what had once been a house. Wagons were drawn up and the gunners worked like Trojans to unload the ammunition and allow the drivers to get away with their teams from such dangerous territory. For these drivers must stand by the horses in the open and were completely at the mercy of shell-fire. However, the unloading passed off without interruption and the empty limbers and wagons were within twenty minutes making their way down Australian Road towards home. On turning down the Lens-Lievin Road a few shells dropped precariously near, and led by Capt. Riley the column trotted hastily away from the danger spot. This riding through the night pursued by shells was something like a war. Back down the same route the drivers gained the Wagon Lines without mishap, and went to bed full of the wonder of what they had seen.

Meanwhile the gunners with all haste manhandled the two guns into their frail shelters, and commenced to bank up the fronts with sand bags. With the wagons scarcely out of hearing and the work hardly under way a shell burst right on the road in front. Each and every man scampered for cover, and for good reason. This shell was followed by more and more, and the place was soon a hell hole. One shell burst right in front of "C" pit and, smashing the wheel in pieces, put the gun out of action. The enemy had

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registered the first blow and one gun had been knocked out without firing a shot. For two hours more the shells continued to fall close, intermingled with poisonous gas. The men found it necessary to wear their stuffy respirators for forty minutes.

England's quiet country life did not seem so monotonous now. The terrifying strafing put dubious qualms for the future in their minds. If this were a sample of daily occurrences the months to come looked in no wise promising of pleasure. But their fears were not the nervous, windy variety that possesses the minds of old-timers. Partial ignorance is a step towards bliss—the inexperienced soldier suffers less than he who has been through the mill. But this experience was not the usual state of affairs. It was an exceptionally hot night and, as was discovered before long, these men endured a cruel baptism of fire.

At length quiet settled over the gun position. Not a casualty! The 66th Battery appeared to have a Providence of its very own which till the end attended its movements. The prudent judgment of Major Oland and Capt Riley—their ceaseless consideration of the men's safety—in conjunction with this Guardian Angel, kept the casualty reports of the 66th the lowest on record. Had the drivers and wagons this first night been detained half an hour longer a pitiful carnage would have resulted. And so as time went on the dangers undergone seemed to inevitably miss predicaments which would have sent men to their doom.

When a new day dawned a clearer idea of the gun position was obtained. While not exposing themselves unnecessarily to view the two gun crews worked hard to improve their quarters and the pits. At night the remaining four guns were brought up and put into action without mishap.

This Australian Road position was an ideal one, though they did not appreciate that fact at the time. Six cellars behind the six gun-pits made good living quarters. To those who all their lives have dwelt in none but palatial homes these underground hovels would no doubt seem dank and repulsive holes. But a soldier learns to be comfortable any place, and these cellars became quite home-like—even more so with the secure feeling of several feet of protection above. From the kitchen, some distance away so as not to attract

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attention to the Battery by its smoke, the men would bring their meals to their crowded domiciles and eat from the edges of the bunks. Lievin, having been long in Canadian hands, was well supplied with canteens and the army grub was augmented with such luxuries as cereal, tinned milk, fruit, canned vegetables, etc.

Life at the guns was found to be quite congenial. When things were put in shape the work was not excessive. The chief duties seemed to consist in staying on hand to shoot at short notice. The handling of ammunition was heavy work but not of long duration. An extensive system of narrow gauge railways transported all calibres of ammunition to every part of the Front. In this position a line ran right through the Battery. When the supply ran low a train pulled by a little gasoline locomotive stopped near the pits and the gunners unloaded their allotment of shells, *caching* them by the different guns after the departure of the train. This railway hauling saved the drivers an amazing amount of labour and danger. War looked more like a huge industry than a fight.

At night the crews went to bed in their clothes, nerves alert and an S.O.S. eye open with one man on guard by the gun to commence firing in emergencies. In each dug-out was a bell. The slightest tingle of this bell, sounded by wires from the Control Station, brought the sleepers tumbling out of the bunks, up the steps, into the pits. For seconds count when the infantry needs artillery assistance. So the men sleep always with the probability of being abruptly brought to decisive action, and it tells on them. For that reason the gunners spend (except in the case of shorthandedness) half their time at the guns, the other half at the Wagon Lines. They must, too, be given the opportunity of bathing and freeing themselves of those accursed companions of underground homes.

The signallers worked like mad the first few days installing communications. Communication is the keynote of success. Each battery must have direct telephone connection with its Brigade and Observation Station ; Brigade with Division, and so on ; Artillery with the Infantry. So an elaborate system of telephone lines is laid out. Herein lies the danger to signallers. When shelling cuts the wires they must be

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mended, and, while it is not always vital to do this work before the shelling ceases, the signaller is often placed in a precarious situation. His ordinary duties consist in transmitting messages between the different stations. On his alacrity throughout the night rests the safety of many men, for if he mistakes important messages dire catastrophes may follow. He takes daily trips to the Observation Point, or "O-Pip," where he assists the Officer in watching the enemy through this, the eye of the Battery.

After a few days in action complimentary criticisms of the Division's *début* into fighting were expressed. Besides the praise of their own Commanders the batteries were pleased to receive the following appreciation from an outside source :—

"To C.R.A. 5th C.D.A.,

"From G.O.C.R.A., Canadian Corps.

"The General Officer Commanding Canadian Corps Artillery desires me to congratulate the batteries of the 5th C.D.A. on the success that has marked the commencement of their tour of duty in action.

"Several of the units were heavily shelled when going forward to occupy their battery positions, and suffered casualties, but exhibited the steadiness of veteran troops. The manner in which all units have constructed their gun emplacements and settled down to routine work has been in all respects admirable.

"The satisfaction of the infantry with the support accorded them during the quite severe actions of the past few days has been expressed in a communication from the Officer Commanding 102nd Canadian Infantry Battalion, which is couched in terms of high commendation and to which the G.O.C.R.A. desires to add his congratulations.

"(Sgd.) C. F. BROOK,

Major, R.A.,

"for G.O.C.R.A., Canadian Corps."

The satisfaction of the infantry for support given them pleased the artillerymen.

A few days after its arrival in Lievin, Lieut. B. F. Gossage joined the Battery. He had enlisted in Toronto in the early

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days of war and had come to France as a signaller in the 13th Battery, C.F.A. As an Officer he was attached to the Battery. His gentlemanly attitude towards all, his unassuming good-fellowship, his conscientious attention to necessary work, his cool and accurate judgment, his lack of patronizing old-soldiership to an inexperienced outfit won him the lasting respect and goodwill of the 66th.

Work at the Wagon Lines was being carried on in the usual routine, monotonous way. On the expectation of remaining here near Carency the men did what they could to make their little "bivvies" comfortable. But, as might have been expected had the ways of the Army at the Front been more familiar, the camp was moved after six days' stay. The whole outfit was transferred one fine day to Ablain-St-Nazaire, a few miles north. A camp was erected in a little valley in Lorette Ridge, in front of which the French had made such a stand at so terrible a loss earlier in the war. Near the camp could be seen the ruins of Souchez Church, where wanderers picked up pieces of the historical Souchez Bell.

With the fine weather of September these hills made life in the open a pleasure, though this whole district seemed so lonely and God-forsaken. On either side of the valley were old huts and gun pits, which were soon made habitable by eager workers. From dug-outs near-by and even from Lievin stoves, chairs and lumber were salvaged and the little homes made quite cosy. A Battery Canteen supplied the extras which are indispensable to good living. Work consisted of the usual stable duties and harness cleaning, with a daily ration party to take a wagon load of supplies to the guns after dark. Recreation was conspicuous by its absence and the men had to content themselves of evenings with card games and feeds. An occasional concert was offered at the Church Army Hut some distance away, but the limited space held little inducement for a large attendance. However, the men were too new at the game to become "fed-up." An Athletic Meet was held at Villers-au-Bois. The four Canadian Divisions were scarcely aware of the fact that the Fifth was now in France. When this new Division cleaned up a goodly portion of the events the old-timers began to wonder what manner of unit this was which could

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send forth such athletes without any infantry to draw from. Blade, the runner, and Herscovitch, the boxer, were chiefly responsible for the excellent showing.

The general opinion held at the Battery—the gun position—was that artillery did not move often and that a position made so tenable would be indefinitely the home of the occupants. These ideas were changed on September 15th, when the Battery moved to Cité de la Plaine, more forward and to the left, on the outskirts of Lievin. Here it relieved the 30th Battery of the 8th Army Brigade. Moving a battery entails no little work. Besides having the teams brought from the Wagon Lines to haul the guns, and the ammunition wagons to move the supply of shells, G.S. wagons are needed to transport kits, rations and signalling equipment. As nothing could be started until dark this moving meant a night's labour for all ranks.

The new home was a decided come-down to the Australian Road position. The gun pits were more substantial and the few dug-outs were the secure, deep variety built by the Germans before they had been ousted from these parts. But the dug-outs, kitchen and guns were so separated that long walks over an open space and through trenches were necessary. Some of the gun crews had no dug-outs and lived in shelters thrown up in trenches. The men now appreciated how well off they had been in their cellars in the houses of Lievin. And still more did they crave the cellars when the Hun set in to strafe the vicinity unmercifully. S.O.S. calls and retaliation orders came frequently, and the gunners experienced the nerve-racking duty of remaining with the guns and operating them under intense shell fire.

The whine of a 5.9, the crack of a whizzbang, the screech of a 4.1, the moan of an 8-inch, the sudden, unheralded explosion of a rubber-gun 5.9, the whistle of a gas shell—any one of these sounds can strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. The one compensation was the gratifying knowledge that our guns were giving Fritz a little more than he was sending and that our contributions were a trifle more wicked than his. In this field of shell holes the 66th remained for twelve days, and no regrets were expressed when orders were received to again get on the move. Every

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one concerned was satisfied that no place could be quite as unpleasant as this.

Another move, at night of course, was made to rearward and to the right of Lievin to Cité l'Abbattoir, to change places with the 4th C.F.A. By the Souchez River, which here was quite wide, the guns were emplaced and camouflaged. The men lived in the Abbatoir, which had been reinforced with concrete by the Germans. The enemy gunners did not trouble the Battery much, which was extremely fortunate, as the men were forced to work in the open. Iron rails and material were hauled to the position for the protection of the guns. In anticipation of an important attack on Salaumines, to encircle Lens, huge quantities of ammunition were unloaded from the narrow gauge trains. The prospect of their first "show" keenly interested the 5th Division and preparations were carried on eagerly.

The day on which the Battery moved to Cité l'Abbattoir an event took place at the Wagon Lines which is worthy of mention. During the afternoon a German plane penetrated Allied territory and flew directly to an observation balloon anchored over Ablain. Swooping down like a bird the aviator poured lead into the gas bag. Immediately the two observers jumped and, fastened into their parachutes, floated gracefully to the ground. A minute after they had abandoned the balloon it broke into fire and fell in flames. The Hun aviator by this time was well on his way home. The onlookers were much impressed by the airman's audacity. Towards dusk a second plane was seen, evidently a hostile craft. Straight to a balloon it raced and brought it down in like manner. Not satisfied with one, the daring aviator made for a second balloon, and it too crashed down in flames. But seemingly from nowhere came three British planes, which attacked Herr Fritz, now turning to go back. Right over the heads of the 66th men the three British bore down like hawks on their prey. And there a fight was fought such as will be remembered for all time by the spectators. The German resisted nobly, diving, manœuvring, looping the loop, ever followed by the machine-gun fire of the attackers. Curiosity overcame the fear of the onlookers, and despite the *phut-phut* of bullets they crawled from under wagons and watched the struggle. Soon superior force conquered

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and the German made a landing. His plane was surrounded by an interested throng, while he reluctantly accompanied a guard as a prisoner of war. Such incidents as these went to show how varied and advanced had become modern warfare.

The fine weather came to an end all too soon. Rain turned the floor of the valley into a mudhole worse than that at Ames. The horse lines became well-nigh unapproachable. Though the standings were moved from time to time the horses sank to their bellies in mud. The huts on the hillsides remained comparatively dry, but the ground around the stables and to the watering place grew more inaccessible each day.

With the information that these quarters were permanent the work of building winter stables was gotten under way. Extensive salvaging was commenced and loads of material procured. But the erection of covered standings for 175 horses on such ground seemed an endless task and results were slow in coming. After days of fruitless endeavour on the part of everybody in general and nobody in particular the contract was taken in hand by Sergeant Stewart and a selected staff who were released from all other duties to make suitable dwellings for the horses. With renewed vigour the proposition was attacked, and, considering the scarcity of material and proper instruments, amazing strides were made in the construction. The floors, two feet thick of chalk, brick and pavé stones, promised firm footing in all weather.

While Wagon-Liners were fighting the mud and hauling material to the guns the projected attack on Salaumines was called off. The 66th packed up for a move on October 5th. But in the midst of it all an S.O.S. order came over the wire and necessitated the unpacking of the equipment from the guns. The firing did not last long, however, and by the time the teams showed up all was again ready to be moved.

The 66th moved to its fourth position. Up the Lens-Lievin Road to Napoo Corner, along Brood Street past Whizzbang Corner to Artillery Corner, then up Constitution Hill to a cluster of houses on the outskirts called Cité St. Ami went the Battery. With cellars to live in and good gun pits

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to work in the new home was quite tolerable. The pits were strengthened and a spur was built from the unloading point of the narrow gauge railway to the back of the pits. A salvaged truck on this track facilitated greatly the handling of ammunition. Then came a terrific strafing. The Hun seemed determined to wipe the 66th C.F.A. completely off the map, and shelled the position from nine in the morning till five in the evening. Direct hits landed on every gun pit—one gun was put out of action entirely, another was buried and made *hors de combat* temporarily. Not a scratch did the human element suffer, but the position was sadly messed up. The strip of railway, the pride of the gunners, was emphatically *napoo*. Not sufficient scraps were left intact to build even a Ford. During the shelling such as were unfortunate enough to have duties outside were entertained with machine gun fire from three enemy planes flying low over the position. The morale was becoming low that night, but when the details of a shoot were given out and the men had the pleasure of getting back at Fritz—the enemy infantry was known to be relieving—good spirits returned immediately. Those on duty at the guns decided that after all they did not want to be Wagon-Liners.

The Wagon-Liners were still busy erecting winter stables. But just when this work assumed a somewhat substantial appearance moving orders came. Though Ablain was such a dreary hole the men were fairly comfortable, and after working so hard to improve conditions were not altogether pleased at the thought of going to an unprepared place which perhaps would be more muddy and desolate than this. And October 12th turned out to be cold and wet. In the afternoon a drenched outfit left the half-built stables and wallowed through the mud to the main road. At Souchez Corner the column was held up to await darkness. The drivers wondered where the new lines could be which were too dangerous to approach in daylight. Their fears were allayed on finding that the way led via the Arras-Bethune Road, which was under enemy observation. After a weary march the Battery reached a good-sized village and turned into covered stables.

Too dark to see the new surroundings, the arrival in good stables was at least promising. Without delay every-

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body sought the sleeping quarters, dead tired and cold and wet to the skin. In a large cement-floored loft they threw down their kits. The billet was not palatial but it was a shelter, and with the assistance of a rum issue, as liberal as an Orderly Officer ever sees fit to dole out, the men were reconciled to their change of situation. They climbed into their blankets, too near the "all in" stage to even inquire what village they were in.

Sains-en-Gohelle, as they next day discovered was the name of the place, is a village, almost a town, between Arras and Bethune. Not having been touched by shell fire or bombing, the civilians were living in their own homes and the place preserved a normal appearance. Though in range of German heavy artillery it remained unmolested, as there were no rail-heads or supply dumps in the village. Truly a good place to stay, decided all.

On looking the town over a unanimous opinion was formed that it would do. With many *estaminets*, a small hotel where meals were served, several "Eggs and Chips" houses, a Y.M.C.A., and some stores, the spare hours of the future promised to be well looked after. What though the most popular of the fried egg establishments earned its name of Cockroach Alley and the beer might have tasted better had they taken the unpleasant taste out of the water! Civilization of any kind was better than the mud waste of Ablain. Besides the amusement it afforded, the town possessed such conveniences as washwomen, tailors, and cobblers, and so all ordinary wants could be attended to.

As time went on the men became acquainted with the place, calling an *estaminet* by the Christian name of its most attractive barmaid. They found Sunday night dances. The Dizzy Whirl which the French civvies danced was amusing to the Canadians, brought up to Fox-trots and Tangos, but they joined in the fun and made their heads reel with the best of them. Really good concerts by the different Divisional Concert Parties were put on by the Y.M.C.A., and the big hut attracted crowds. The 5th Divisional Party, the Starlights, staged creditable performances, the entertaining talent in the newest division impressing favourably the "old soldiers."

The boys showed their usual energy in making their

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quarters more comfortable with the aid of chairs and tables and spring beds from Lievin's inexhaustible supply. As the fall weather grew into the cold of winter they built little shacks in corners of the building, and managed to heat these places to a more bearable temperature. The months passed speedily and enjoyably, enlivened by occasional happenings exciting and amusing. In the centre of the courtyard was a pond surrounded by a low stone wall. But the low stone wall had fallen in in one place. One "Battler" Pollock drank down his rum issue and in the dark stepped through the hole, over his head in the stagnant water. They fished him out, gave him more rum and a brand new uniform—so he profited by his mishap.

A good bath was opened near-by in a brewery. At certain hours the soldier in charge of the Officers' department would for a slight consideration give the fellows tub baths. Thus the men, in spite of the absence of stars on their shoulders, were able to obtain a decent wash. All in all, Sains-en-Gohelle made as good a place for wagon lines as could be found. The gunners and signallers looked forward to their rest periods there.

Soon after being shelled so thoroughly at Cité St Ami the Battery moved to the left, and on November 8th took up a position behind Loos—on the Lens-Bethune Road. Loos was famous, and showed the results of the fierce fighting that had raged there before. Another trench position! Fortunately there were some good dug-outs and gun pits, and every one was housed fairly securely. In a big, open field under observation of the enemy everything was of a necessity below the ground and well camouflaged, and the men were forbidden to wander around on top. Hunting for one's abode at night was far more aggravating than the proverbial needle in the haystack.

Near the Battery was a large tunnel sixty feet deep with several entrances. This immense cavern was an ideal refuge from hostile shells. Duplicate wires were run in to assure telephone communication with Brigade, and all ranks were made familiar with its approaches.

"A" subsection with its gun went forward into the razed town. Here they located a gun pit, proof from splinters, and near it a two-room cellar into which the

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heaviest of shells could not penetrate. The gun crew, by this time accustomed to change of environment, soon made the cellar a den of comfort. When a sufficient supply of ammunition was cached in and around the pit, the crew spent the whole day on duty, sniping.

Sniping with a field gun is the highest form of sport. Man still seems imbued with primitive instincts in his love of hunting down and killing animals, and, barbarous as it may sound, he enjoys even keener pleasure in hunting down and causing to be carried off in a stretcher a German. The Officer is at his O-Pip and can see the enemy's territory. He is connected to his gun by telephone. He registers, by trial shots, his gun on different points and designates those points or targets. So when he sees men moving within range—the gun is so situated that its fire can penetrate about three miles into "Heinieland"—he promptly orders a shot on the nearest target with the necessary alteration. If his eye is good and he calculates well the shell will land very close to the moving object. Of course he may not score a hit the first time, so he gives chase by repeating the fire with corrections. This necessitates a very smart and agile crew of gunners, for besides the sudden changes of direction and range they never know what kind of shell will be used next. The Officer may call for one which will explode instantaneously amongst the men on hitting the ground or for one to burst over their heads and throw a hail of shrapnel in their midst; while if his object is to destroy a building or trench he will use a shell which with delayed action will bore its way in and blow up like a blasting charge. There is, too, incendiary and smoke ammunition. Thus the N.C.O. and his four gunners must step lively to get the shots off fast enough to satisfy an excited subaltern.

At Loos the sniping of the 66th gun was peculiarly successful. From the O-Pip on Hill 70, that Hill 70 which the Canadians took so brilliantly in August 1917, could be seen the trench system of the enemy for miles around. Sniping being an uncommon form of warfare until now, the movement visible was extensive. With a gun crew which could fire ten rounds in less than thirty seconds the Fritzies were soon made to scamper into their holes. Where they had been in the habit of sauntering leisurely across the open

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there was soon a trench, and where they were obliged to come into the open the enemy looked and listened and ran.

Out in front was a tall chimney used for observation purposes by the Germans. From it they could look into the British lines, and consequently this chimney was a continual menace to the troops. One of the 66th officers determined to see what destruction a field gun could do. With a few shots of registration he began pounding away, tearing holes in the base of the structure. The accuracy of the 18-pounder may be judged when, at a range of nearly three miles, shells were exploded on the heavy wall, eating their way regularly around the chimney. Soon could be seen through the binoculars huge rents in the pile and the pinnacle began to sway. The infantrymen were watching the proceedings and when their eyesore tottered and fell with a crash they cheered lustily. The enemy tried to locate this troublesome gun, but fortunately was in no way successful. It was great sport this sniping, and though they could not see anything the gunners found excitement in the exclamations of the O-Pip party, heard through the telephone.

While the 66th was busy pestering the Hun, the Canadian Corps was staging one of its most desperate fights at Passchendaele. The 5th Division, while feeling somewhat piqued at not being included in the Canadian campaign, was not displeased to miss the winter fierceness of the show near Ypres, and the men were loath to leave their congenial surroundings. Later the 5th was derided as having "shot short" at Passchendaele, but to do this from a spot forty miles away would have been verily an achievement. At Loos the Division was in support of the 11th Division of Imperials, who treated the Canadians with every courtesy.

Just before Christmas the Imperial Division sent a few complimentary Blighty leave passes. Who should go? As every one had come out to France at the same time it was decided to draw by lottery a list of the whole Battery—this list to determine the dispatch of men on leave (United Kingdom or France) for all time to come. Capt. Riley took charge and great excitement was manifested over the draw. No great surprise was felt when the first name proved to be that of Sergt. Stewart, ever lucky. He was accompanied to England by Gunners Clarke and Rumsey.

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Christmas 1917 came. Wars do not recognize the calendar holidays and the Battery was unable to banquet together as in England the year before. But bags and bags of parcels came from Canada. The folks at home remembered substantially their boys in the trenches. Delicacies wrapped in beribboned tissue made December 25th almost a real Christmas. What a miserable life active service would be if it were not for the unending devotion of those dear to the soldiers! The mail service is the one connection with the Land across the Sea that keeps the morale of the troops high. The officers, N.C.O.'s, and men at the guns celebrated in their own dug-outs, while the Wagon Line tribe held a dinner and evening in the Sains-en-Gohelle mess-room.

At the guns on Christmas morning two volunteer drivers brought the dinner and supplies as far up as permissible in daylight. Here they were met by gunners, who trundled the goods laboriously on a barrow to the kitchen. The kitchen staff put the finishing touches on the partly-cooked meal and served the turkeys to the different dug-outs. Some of the boys had bought champagne, there was a goodly supply of rum, and most of the little gatherings passed a hilarious evening. Even the "Standing to" all day of the sniping crew by a very zealous Officer failed to dampen the spirits of that subsection.

At the Wagon Lines preparations had been made for a real banquet. The cooks and helpers sweated in a praiseworthy manner, and outdid themselves in the production of fowl, pork, vegetables, and Christmas pudding. The senior N.C.O.'s made the success of the affair possible. They bought beer, served on table, and replaced the men detailed for picquet. Their unselfish ardour was greatly appreciated. After acquiring that state of fullness enjoyed by healthy soldiers, the fellows sat back to listen to impromptu entertainment and to join in popular music. "Pop" Riley, the ancient cook, lent prestige to the concert by singing "Cawnada's Reploy," and in his speech asserting that "I ain't agivin' no man no man's rations." No officers were present, but Lieut. Roberts of Brigade dropped in to wish all a Merry Xmas. The sergeants and corporals banquetted next night with fellow N.C.O.'s of the 58th Battery.

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A few days after Christmas Lieut. Bates was loaned to the 1st Army Mining School to act as instructor in dug-out building and tunnelling. The authorities had come to the conclusion that artillery gunners needed more protection and should be better acquainted with the methods of constructing proper shelter.

The year 1918 was heralded in by sending Fritz a message of love in the form of a *salvo*. At one second before midnight the six guns barked and again at one second after. New Year's night the Hun came back with an attack, but a fifteen-minute S.O.S. shoot assisted the vigilant infantry in putting him in his place. A few days later the 66th suffered two casualties. Bomb-Signaller "Fairy" Smith fell down a deep dug-out, sustaining concussion of the brain which ended in his discharge and return to Chicago. Signaller "Les" M'Caw was wounded in the leg—he recuperated in England in time to journey to Siberia with the Canadian Expedition.

The most severe shelling the Battery had endured came shortly after the New Year. Every one rushed to the protecting tunnel at 8.30 in the morning and was held there till 6.30 p.m. Hundreds of shells of large calibre fell in the Battery's area. The control dug-out was smashed in, playing havoc with the telephone wires, and the ground was turned over as with a plough. But with the usual good fortune attending the Battery no casualties were suffered and no irreparable damage was done. The gunners patched up the pits and trenches, the signallers patched up the communications, and between the two Germany was cursed mightily.

Some mild weather set in, and the caving in of the trench position showed how advantageous had been the freezing days and how untenable the place would be in a thaw. So on January 15th no displeasure was felt on moving back to Lievin. In the part of the town called Rollencourt the Battery went into action, but did little for five days while their first position was being made sufficiently ready to move into.

Great was the delight of everybody to put the guns back in front of the familiar old houses on Australian Road, now called Toronto Street. They considered this their own

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position, for here it was that they had been initiated into trench warfare five months before. With more ardour than ever they added what comforts their ingenuity offered. Truly this was a home! Narrow gauge railway running right through the position, a Y.M.C.A. canteen (at this time the supplies of luxuries were particularly abundant) around the corner, water handy, little hostile shelling—what more could a soldier desire on a "Peace Time Front"? "A" sub. gun, the official sniper, was placed in an old pit in Cité de la Plaine. At the Battery was commenced the construction of five new pits. With plenty of time and material the task was attacked systematically. And as the building advanced the pride of what had been accomplished and what was going to be done in the respective pits dispelled any irksomeness that generally accompanies long jobs. In spite of the many hindrances in the way of advice by persons who knew less of engineering and superstructure than the men themselves the pits before long assumed substantial proportions.

The monotony was relieved in a social way when the Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant, whose duties ordinarily kept them at the Wagon Lines, paid a visit to the Battery and enjoyed a Cook's Tour view of the Front.

The strength of the Battery was at this time increased by the attachment of Lieut. Welsford. This Officer, from Winnipeg, had come to England with Capt. Riley in the 59th Battery, and at the reorganization in Witley had gone to the 60th. In France he had done excellent work with the latter unit until he and a signaller were wounded on Hill 70. On his return from the hospital the 66th was fortunate enough to add him to its staff.

While constructing, the Battery was in action and helping to carry on the Great War. Occasional shoots to back up raids, counter-battery firing, and frequent retaliations were carried out as usual. For the authorities know, to a certain extent, every active battery of the enemy. An important duty of the artillery is to keep as quiet as possible the enemy batteries of which it has been informed or which its O-Pip party has seen firing. This counter-battery fighting was common after 1916 only.

Towards spring an elaborate defence system was installed

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all along the front. The 5th divisional batteries, with the others, picked reserve positions back around Calonne and Bully-Grenay and there erected rough pits. For days parties were sent back for this work under Lieut. Spohn. Mr Spohn had come to France in early 1915 as an N.C.O. in a C.F.A. battery and was now attached to the 66th.

In February the pits were finished and the guns were put in them. The gunners rested on their laurels. The work just completed was a masterpiece in the construction of up-to-date shelters for 18-pounders. The Colonel never wearied of bringing visitors to see them. That of "E" subsection claimed special praise. With cement floor, built-in ammunition racks, an automatic chute for supplies of shells from outside, complete electric lighting system, a roof five feet thick of layers of rails, logs, earth, and bricks strong enough to withstand a 5.9 shell, and direct communication with the gunners' living quarters, it was one of the wonders of the Western Front.

In this position another loss was sustained when popular Sergt. Gordon Hill was taken away sick. His place was ably filled by Corporal Carncross, who was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

One morning before light the crews were rudely awakened by the S.O.S. ring. In a few seconds the guns were banging away and the whole front was in an uproar. From the activity of the enemy's artillery and the continuing of the S.O.S. firing it looked as if the expected German attack had been launched. But in time the intensity slackened and orders were received to "Cease Fire," tangible evidence that any efforts on the part of the Hun had been of no effect. It was learned that this was a raid on a very large scale. The infantry repulsed it decisively and scarcely a German returned to tell the tale. The batteries on all sides reported casualties from the severe counter-battery fire, but the 66th once more emerged scathless. On hearing of the welfare of the Battery no little anxiety was relieved at the Wagon Lines, where had been heard the heavy cannonading.

At Sains-en-Gohelle the men were as usual cleaning harness and whiling away their free hours with the amusements offered. The other three batteries of the Brigade had spent a short time on the La Bassée Front, near Bethune,

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and were now back. But though they professed to have put in an agreeable stay there, the 66th was quite content to have remained right in its old home. Much interest was shown in an inspection of the 1st Canadian Division, to which the 5th was at that time attached for administration. The 5th was represented by its Divisional Train. When Major-General Macdonnell, who had shown no particular liking for the Junior Division, expressed his opinion that the showing of the 5th was ahead of that of his own outfit, the purple-patched men were indeed pleased with themselves.

The 5th C.D.A. was by this time more popular than it had been as a fresh addition to the Corps. Now the rather crude banterings anent conscripts and home guards were spoken only by the very new-comers, who camouflaged themselves under the red and black patches of the oldest divisions. Those longest out accepted the men of the 5th as comrades who had given them unimpeachable artillery support for six months.

Rumours of leave developed in February and those at the top of the list began to think of what they could do with two weeks' vacation. But though a few got away to Paris the rumours amounted to nothing more than continual postponements. Then came talk of rest. The Division having been in action steadily for six months was due a six weeks' turn back of the line. But warfare as had been experienced in Lievin was nothing more than a welcome departure from the burden of discipline, hence the change was not looked forward to with any joy. The men's prophesy of rest days was the return to the grit and shine and inspections that made training memorable. Therefore no cheering greeted the news of definite orders to go out of action the middle of March. True to prediction this time, a Second Divisional Battery relieved the 66th on March 14th both at Sains-en-Gohelle and Toronto Street, Lievin, commenting ecstatically on their new places. That night the whole 66th crowded into quarters at the Wagon Lines. Pleasant memories will ever be held by those whose expected hardships of war were so alleviated around Lievin, Bully-Grenay, and Sains-en-Gohelle.

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CHAPTER III

Out and Back Again

FOR the first time since entering the War Game the 66th Battery marched *ensemble*. On the morning of March 15th they turned their backs on the firing line, and after a few hours' journey through Hersin and Barlin reached their destination at Haillicourt. Haillicourt is a village with the familiar *estaminets* and windows marked "Eggs and Chips," and is not far from the large mining town, Bruay. The barn-like quarters allotted to the men not being particularly desirable, the Major gave permission to secure private billets in the civilian houses.

Then ensued a mad search for sleeping accommodation. The door-to-door canvassing of a book vendor is the height of encouragement compared to the hiring of lodgings in Haillicourt. With laboured French the boys applied at dwelling after dwelling, but the residents were not over eager to take them into their households. Evidently the soldiers located before in the town had not made a favourable impression. But with perseverance nearly everybody found havens in time. And though some dwelt in mean places and others even shared the rooms with the civilians, the men found living in twos and threes a pleasant change. Once they were installed in the houses the people treated them well, particularly on finding that they were careful with property and decent of habits.

The day following the arrival Colonel Ogilvie, the Officer Commanding, addressed the 14th Brigade and meted out high praise for their work to date—according to the Colonel the Brigade had "made good." He assured the parade that this rest would be a real one, that all necessary work would be done during the morning, and that every afternoon would be free for sports. This plan was carried out to the letter, and every afternoon could be seen hordes of young fellows revelling in outdoor games in fine spring weather. Some few were sent away to schools for instruction in their various branches of the army work, and reports of coming leave on a general scale made future days promising.

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But Major Brock's oft-repeated assertion that "the army life is one of hardships and disappointments" proved sagacity itself. In the early morning hours of March 21st, 1918, a bombardment of considerable magnitude was heard. The conjecture that the German Drive had been launched was verified by indefinite news through the day. The prophecy of most that the 5th Division would be needed "up there" also came true. With equipment hastily packed the 66th, along with the other batteries of the Division, set out at noon, March 22nd, away from Haillcourt. So after five pleasant days ended the first rest of the 5th C.D.A.

That night brought the Battery to Grand Servins. In a camp just abandoned by 60-pounder artillery the 66th put up, in reserve awaiting orders. *En passant* it might be mentioned that an hour after arriving the men received a Canadian mail, showing the systematic efficiency of the Postal Corps.

Next day, to the surprise and jubilation of all, the Battery marched by the familiar roads to its old Wagon Lines at Sains-en-Gohelle and took over from the 2nd Division. The inhabitants joyfully welcomed their old friends back, thereby paying the conduct of the 5th a distinct compliment.

Without delay the guns were put into action behind Maroc Fosse 7 at Philostophe, not far from the old Loos position. Here they relieved the 5th Battery, the first of Montreal's Overseas Field Artillery. This gun position was another of the trench variety, but with the dry weather cellars were not needed so. The gun pits had not been finished, and the 66th gunners at once completed their construction, and commenced to build an extension to the narrow gauge railway. By this time news of the German successes near Amiens was enveloping the allied world in depression. But the morale of the soldiers was not affected, because they knew the strength of their side and could not believe that this loss of territory would be a serious set-back. However, special vigilance was maintained in expectation of an attack, and the infantry (at present the 4th Canadian Division) "stood to" every morning between the hours of four and six. The artillery signallers on duty with the battalions were impressed with the eagerness of the infantry-

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men to meet the enemy, and their desire to "have a crack at Fritz." The Canadian infantry is an organization marvellous in its steadfastness and bravery, and artillerymen, always giving full credit to its achievements, aspire to nothing more than to give worthy support to their comrades in the trenches.

The Division was left in its old haunts but one week. On March 28th the enemy attacked fiercely to the south. With Monchy in his hands the Hun pushed desperately in an attempt to capture Arras and, undoubtedly, to turn Vimy Ridge from the south. Had Vimy fallen —, such a contingency is better not spoken of. But a catastrophe was averted when the German forces were stopped with Neuville Vitasse on their side of the line, and on the very outskirts of Arras. The Fifth in its capacity of a Flying Column was rushed to the scene of action. A day's forced march back around Mont St Eloi brought the Battery to a halt in an open field near Ecurie. In spite of the severe march behind them the guns were moved forward without delay to go into action.

Through the wet the way seemed endless. *En route* Lieut. Bates rejoined the Battery after his three months' duty at the Tunnelling School. Half way up Vimy Ridge via the Lens-Arras Road the 66th turned off to the right and took up a position by the Nine Elms, a landmark, just north of the City of Arras. When the necessary work was done the tired artillerymen slept in the bunks of a deep dug-out until late Easter Sunday morning.

No gay throngs promenaded in Easter splendor on those slopes of Vimy Ridge. A new battery position entails much work, and as every day might not be as quiet as this one no men idled. All the Canadians seemed to have come here, too. With the wonderful organization of modern warfare whole fronts had been changed of troops unnoticeably. The Canadian Corps now occupied the Arras Sector. The crest of the long ridge offered remarkable observation. Although the enemy had pushed his front line well beyond Oppy Wood just yesterday the Canadians would have welcomed a further attack on their high ground.

Some days later two guns were moved up to the summit of the Ridge into Farbus Wood. While the Battery position

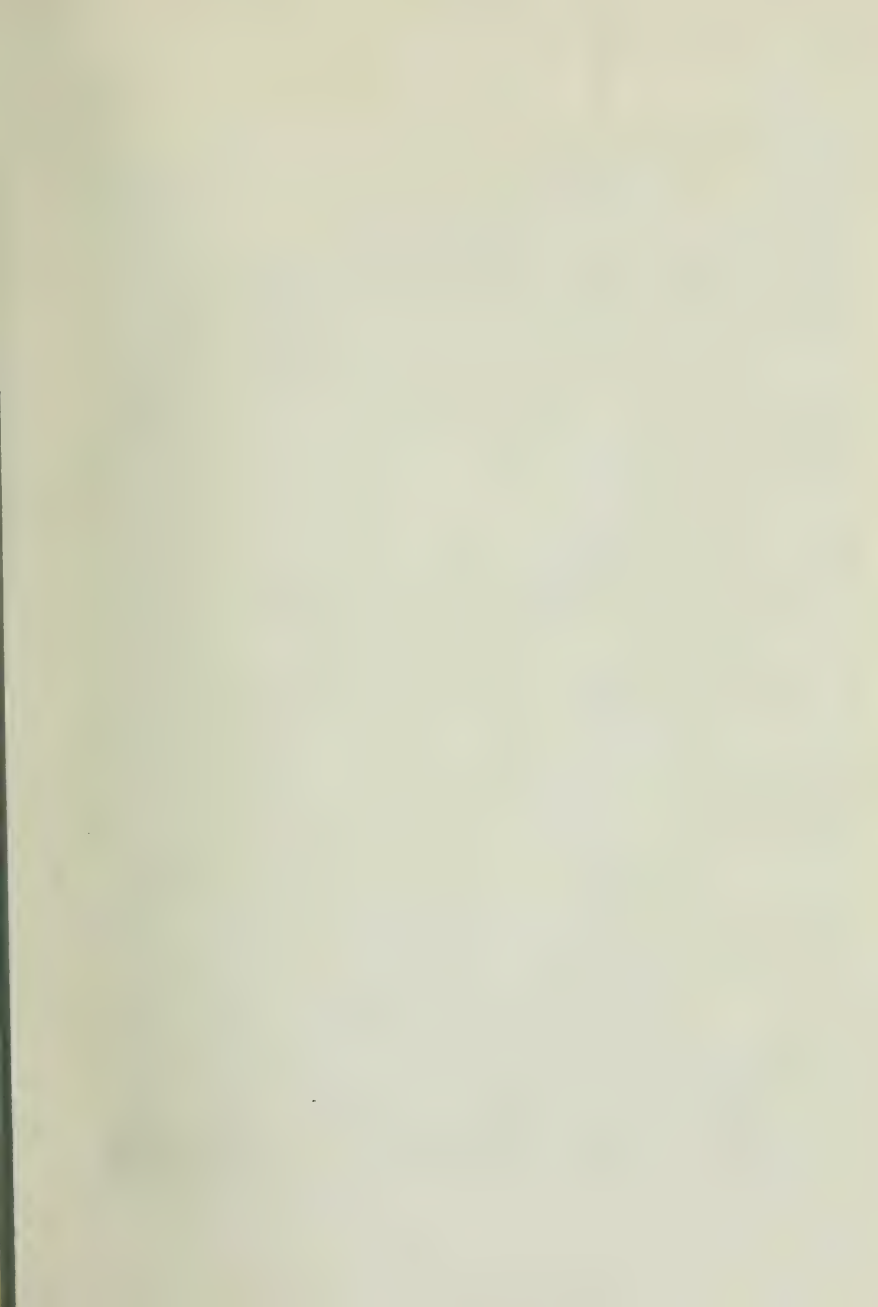
The 66th C.F.A.

in the hollow remained untroubled this wood was shelled incessantly and the Forward Section had rather a tough time of it. The transporting of rations and ammunition to this spot was a dangerous undertaking. Many a time the drivers on duty labored far into the night to feed those lads near Thelus. But narrow escapes as they had not a man was hit. Lucky 66th !

After their one miserable night in the open those at the Wagon Lines were moved to huts and horse lines in Ecurie, on the Arras-Bethune Road. With the coming of a Y.M.C.A. close by, the place was made comfortable enough in spite of disagreeable weather. The fellows became quite chummy with the members, mostly elderly, of an English Labor Company in the huts beside them. The Englishmen erected a hall and staged concerts in honor of the Canadians. Near La Targette Corner was a movie show which helped pass many evenings. Canteens were numerous but not well stocked, and the troops realized what a home Lievin had been. Soon the ground became sufficiently dry to play a little baseball, but it was not particularly successful.

It seems against the principles of the authorities to leave units long in one place and the guns moved again on April 12th. This time its wanderings brought the Brigade to the highest point of Vimy, La Folie Farm. The position, right in front of the famous craters where stands the monument to the Princess Pat's, was taken over from a battery of the 3rd Division. This battery had apparently made no attempt to improve conditions—the new gunners had to set to immediately and dig hovels to live in. After a two-minute walk forward one could obtain a view of mile upon mile of enemy country ; quiet-looking rolling land that concealed man-killing weapons.

One gun was placed in Vimy Village, some distance ahead of the Ridge. Here a concrete gun pit built by Germans gave good protection. This gun fired day and night, doing the work of the whole battery. A double gun crew was kept busy. While one crew operated the gun the other handled ammunition, snatching sleep when possible. This soon drew angry retaliation, but the Hun had builded well and had given the 66th men good protection with his massive concrete. A conspicuous contrast was the battery on top





66TH BATTERY INDOOR-BASEBALL TEAM
Winners of the Canadian Corps Championships 1918 and 1919

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of the hill. During the three weeks' stay scarcely a shot was fired by the five guns, and not a single hostile shell disturbed the quiet. The chief occupation was to loll lazily in the balmy spring sunshine. General Currie visited the position unattended by his staff and chatted casually with all ranks, who till after did not realize that this was their Commander. Rumors of a period of training were not considered seriously, but on May 4th the Fifth was relieved by Imperial Artillery just come from the disastrous retreat before Amiens. Interesting tales they told of the German attack.

Battery and Wagon Lines once more came together and marched by night. Back away from the noise, morning brought the Battery through Houdain. At eight o'clock they drew into a park in the town of Divion. Good stables, recently vacated by the Canadian Light Horse, made shelter for the teams.

Divion turned out to be a lively town, unscarred by war. There seemed more life about everything and everybody than any place the boys had struck. *Estaminets* and a picture theatre were the chief attractions. The days being warm all spare time was spent in playing ball. The Indoor Baseball Team defeated that of the Canadian Machine Gunners stationed in the town. The men were billeted in houses ten minutes' walk from the stables, and many of them pitched tents of tarpaulins under the trees of the grassy gun park.

Unlike Haillicourt this was not a rest. The Division had been brought behind the Line for the specific purpose of reviving training for the open style of warfare. It was said that future events would warrant a thorough knowledge of fighting, not as had been carried on in the entrenched method but as Field Artillery was originally intended. Before commencing this training the Division was inspected by the Corps Commander. Then the batteries marched out daily to open country and reacted the scenes of Witley days. Practising going into action with speed and advancing and keeping communications up with visual signalling was all a pleasant change from the recent dug-out life. At the head of a reconnaissance party the Major picked reserve gun positions for the Battery in Bethune, now hardly re-

The 66th C.F.A.

cognizable since the spring attacks. These positions the Battery was prepared to enter on the first alarm.

The seventeen days' stay in Divion was an agreeable one. Lovely weather in a pretty part of the country away from the war could scarcely be otherwise. One day the men marched to a pond and the swimmers revelled in the unaccustomed luxury. A ball game was arranged with Cape's Siege Battery of Montreal and many acquaintances accompanied the visiting team to Divion. The 66th went down to defeat, but the affair was a decided social success.

On the 22nd day of May the 66th wended its way through the heat to Berles, near Aubigny. Here they spent two nights in the Wagon Lines just abandoned by the 12th C.F.A., a Fourth Division Battery. The boys made the most of their two evenings there with baseball, followed by refreshing swims in the little river.

One section (two guns) marched to Anzin on May 23rd, and was followed next day by the remainder. Anzin was a battered village near Arras. Here the 66th took over Wagon Lines from the 4th Battery, C.F.A. The dismal, ramshackle huts on a wind-swept field looked uninviting, but shelter is welcome in any form. The same evening the Battery went forward into action, four guns in front of a ruined village, Roclincourt, two guns further ahead on the crest of the Ridge. The Battery position was situated on the right extremity of Vimy Ridge to the left and in view of Arras. Gun pits and shallow dug-outs in the chalk trenches were ready for occupation, and the men made themselves comfortable without delay. A system of deep tunnels was discovered under the Battery and a party at once set to work to make the entrances easily accessible and gas proof. A deep dug-out close at hand was made into a retreat from gassing and shelling. Some distance behind, where the tunnel came to light, four reserve pits were constructed. In the event of a damaging strafing the guns could be drawn back to these extra emplacements. In the heart of the position was dug a deep Control Station roofed with materials strong enough and thick enough to withstand a direct hit. All these precautions meant a deal of work, but the jobs were not hurried, and the men in their hearts

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thanked the Major for rendering such security to their uncertain life.

Up forward the real work of the Battery was being carried on. The guns were operated from pits on top of the bank of a deep railway cutting. This railway cutting, deep and merely wide enough for a double track, made an ideal route for the bringing up of infantry and for the narrow gauge supply train, as well as for the lodging of artillery and trench mortar men. The crews of the two guns dwelt in dug-outs in the sides of the cutting, wellnigh invulnerable. As usual this Forward Section did the firing and sniping of the Battery. Much ammunition was used and had to be replaced by passing the shells laboriously up the banks from the railway. The enemy knew the importance of the cutting, and with observation balloons and his high ground at Monchy observed fully what work was being done. Consequently the place was shelled and drenched with gas incessantly. The gunners were driven frequently from their pits and many sleepless nights were passed in the reeking fumes of poison. The man who invented the Box Respirator earned many blessings. By changing the guns to different pits now and then the men evaded the fire somewhat. After, when Monchy was captured in the Battle of Arras, conclusive proof of the Hun's accuracy of observation was discovered in the finding of German artillery maps on which was marked conspicuously as "active" the position at the cutting.

Sniping on a larger scale than ever was carried out here. From the O-Pip on the crest in front stretched the enemy lines—Gavrelle, Fresnes, and in the distance Vitry and Douai. Through the telescope could be viewed movements of every kind and those within range the two guns played havoc with. A platoon of infantry did not stand much chance with a gun peppering away fast enough to keep five or six shells in the air at once. Ah, what a pleasure to see the Germans suffer!

Lieut. Welsford distinguished himself at the cutting by going under fire to put out a blaze of camouflage which nearly exploded an ammunition *cache*. He was recommended for decoration for his work.

May we now invite the reader to catch the returning ration wagon and journey to the more peaceful precincts

The 66th C.F.A.

of the Wagon Lines. At Anzin the war was being won with sand and oil and rag interspersed with baseball and football. From time to time the wicked *crump* of a fast 4.1 shell would disturb the vicinity when Heinie fired at the rail-head near. On such occasions those around would grovel humbly in the dust, paying homage to the metal demon, for, to quote the *Strafer*, "He who flops quickest lasts longest." On June 5th, however, the Battery was saddened by the consequences of one of these shells which burst among the huts. Shoeing-Smith Parker received a wound which caused his death later in the hospital; Veterinary-Sergeant Routh and his assistant, "Tony" Shanahan, were severely wounded; Gunner Becket was slightly wounded.

Immediately the Wagon Lines were moved further away from the railway to a grassy field sheltered by trees. Here was built a comfortable summer camp. On seeing the attractive bivvies built by the boys from salvaged material and tarpaulins, one realized how self-reliant had soldiering made them in putting these men on their own resources. Here the pleasant summer days passed without further mishap. On Dominion Day at Tincques were held the Canadian Corps Championships, the big event of the year. The Indoor Baseball Team defeated every unit within reach and ended its season by winning the final with the 54th Canadian Battalion. Thus they became champions of the Canadian Corps, no mean accomplishment when that Corps contained over one hundred units.

Other casualties occurred at the Battery. On July 2nd the area was severely shelled, due, it was suggested, to the too conspicuous movement around the position in daytime. Everyone escaped except Gordon M'Boyle, who was wounded in several places. On July 5th at the Forward Section, Lieut. Bates suffered severe burns from mustard gas and went to Blighty. Mr Bates had been very much interested in the different species of gas shells and it was hard luck that he should become the first victim of the poison.

Since coming to Roclincourt the Fifth had supported the 15th Scottish Division, with the famous 51st Highland Division on the left. While having worked with each of the Canadian Divisions of infantry and English troops,

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this was the first connection with the kilties. In the dug-outs in the cutting beside the 66th were stationed Trench Mortar Scotties, and the boys on duty at the Forward Section grew intimate with them. The Jocks and the Canucks became great chums. Continual cheeriness and good-heartedness could not fail to gain the respect and liking of the Canadians. All day long could be heard the friendly badinage between the men so different of speech and custom. They helped each other in little ways and played quoits, or "kites," together. The Scotties' cry of "tis a guid' yin" never ceased to amuse. When, at a Y.M.C.A., someone incautiously cast a slur on the 5th Division, a brawny Scot confronted him and yelling "Step oot the Jocks" made it known that such uncomplimentary assertions were answerable to Scotland's Best.

In the beginning of July the 15th Division carried out a very large raid in which a whole battalion participated. The 5th C.D.A. fired the complete barrage support. At this point a brief explanation of the term "barrage" might not come amiss.

The barrage has been developed into the chief form of artillery support in connection with an attack. The watches of the batteries and infantry are synchronized from an authoritative source. At a set time, the zero hour, the guns open up simultaneously, pouring a hail of fire along the enemy front line on the sector attacked. They fire for a certain time when each range is lengthened about one hundred yards, advancing the whole line of fire that distance. The infantry at a corresponding time goes "over the top" and advances behind a curtain of fire. So the attacking party gains certain objectives at certain times with a wall of bursting shells always at a certain distance in front. An enemy caught in the barrage is utterly demolished, so he must retire or, lying in his dug-outs till the fire passes over, meet the fury of the infantrymen with all assistance cut off. So perfectly timed is a good barrage that the infinitesimal lull while the gunners change their range can be noticed. The heavy artillery meanwhile bombards the hostile batteries and the roads by which the enemy brings up reinforcements. This is the simple form of barrage. Many shoots coming under the same category are used as subterfuges; and the

The 66th C.F.A.

enemy is misled from the actual attack by dummy barrages, box barrages, fake barrages, and such like.

This particular raid was completely successful and proof that the barrage put up by the 5th Artillery was satisfactory may be found in the following communication from the Commander of the 15th Division :—

15th Division A/10/665.

“ G.O.C.R.A. XVII. Corps.

“ The 5th C.D.A. has been attached to the 15th Division since May 6th, 1918.

“ During the period under my command it has covered a sector of the front of the Division.

“ To-day this artillery is transferred for duty with 4th C.D.

“ I would like to be allowed to express my appreciation of the ready help Brig.-Gen. W. O. H. Dodds, C.M.G., and all ranks of the 5th C.D.A. have rendered to the 15th Division.

“ From first to last all ranks of the latter have had complete confidence in Brig.-Gen. W. O. H. Dodds' artillery. There has been perfect liaison established with our infantry. The O.C. Can. Art. Bds. and their B.C.'s have never spared themselves in going round, assisting Infantry Brigadiers and visiting not only battalion but company commanders.

“ Brig.-Gen. W. O. H. Dodds, C.M.G., has been of great assistance to me personally and has acted as my C.R.A. for considerable periods. He organized the whole artillery arrangements for several raids including one on a large scale, in which a whole battalion was employed and which was completely successful.

“ I would like to add a word of praise of the T.M.B.'s of this Divisional Artillery. All ranks are zealous to a degree in their work, in pushing forward their mortars, keeping them in action and in supplying ammunition as far as possible without demanding any assistance in the way of carrying parties from the infantry.

“ (Sgd.) H. L. REED,

“ Major-General,

“ Commanding 15th Division.

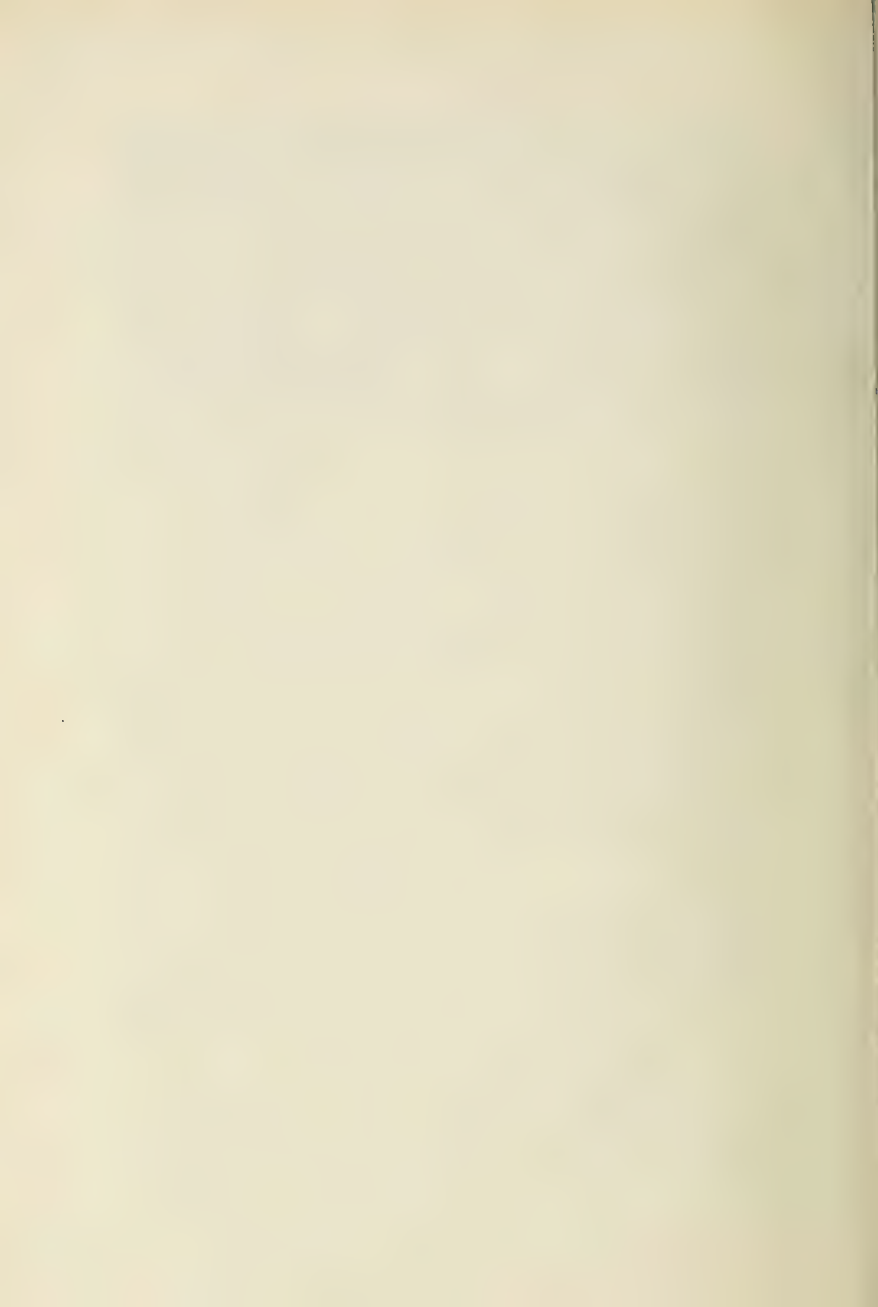
“ July 14/18.”

The relieving of the front by Canadian infantry left the

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situation of the 5th Division unchanged. The work was carried on as before—sniping, shoots to support raids, retaliation to excess activity on the part of German artillery. So the routine continued more or less uneventually through the warm months of July.

The war of Roclincourt and the Railway Cutting came to an end on July 30th, when the 66th Battery was relieved of its portion of the Arras Front by an Imperial Battery which had seen service in Mesopotamia. Those up forward joined their comrades at the Wagon Lines, preparatory, it was rumoured, to a long move. Where they would proceed next the 66th had not an inkling.



Part IV

THE DRIVE

Journey South—Battle of Amiens

TWO a.m. reveille sounds. The strains break the stillness of a peaceful valley nestled among the hills of northern France. Here and there a light appears. Into the semi-darkness figures pass and here, where a moment ago all was silent, stands a body of khaki-clad men who seem to have sprung up from the earth. A distant hum is wafted on the breeze. Closer and closer it comes. Lights out. The distant murmur is now a steady throb overhead and a dozen shafts of light pierce the sky, searching out the author of the unwelcome sound. Flash; bang. Flash; bang. The bombing Gotha is at its deadly work and similar sounds reverberating from the further slopes tell us that somebody else is getting it.

The throb dies to a low murmur and gradually ceases. We carry on. Horses are watered and fed and kits are strapped to the limbers. The long line of men extending to the cook-house denotes the issue of bully and hard tack. An hour later the dawn is breaking. Walk, March. The teams stiffen in their harness and the column is on its way. Along the road we go, up hill and down, along the country side, through towns and villages, many of them bearing the scars of war and a few which Providence has saved from the trail of flaming steel. The fields of grain spread out golden in the morning sunlight, square against square, a patchwork of green and gold, a veritable carpet upon the world. On we go until at length a railway siding at Savy comes into view. A train rolls up. With little confusion and much sweat of brow the whole column is loaded on the cars. One blast of the whistle, the engine coughs and groans,

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and the train with its horses, men, and guns pulls out. For where? Who knows. Only God and General Jackson, and they won't tell. Hour by hour the rattle of wheels upon steel continues, occasionally broken by a stop to avoid a passing train. The country along the route seems deserted. At length the train pulls up at Saleux. We have reached our destination. In the waning light a cathedral spire stands out on the skyline. Where are we now? Where do we go from here? These questions still remain unanswered. Darkness is falling which does not facilitate the process of unloading. All correct. Everything is unloaded and ready to take the road. Again comes the throb of engines in the air and a score of beams searched the heavens. First one flash and a bang, then they come in quick succession, punctuated by an occasional burst of anti-aircraft fire. But we must be on our way. Down the road we go, leaving the bomb-swept village to its fate. On and on through the darkness. Along winding roads and through war-torn villages until with the first ray of morning light we settle down to rest in a field. With the dawning day the low clouds break into a dismal drizzle. The wearisomeness of travel begins to tell, and through the day we rest. With dusk we are ready to move. A long line of pack horses laden with messages of death. Again for weary miles we trudge. Traffic impedes us; such traffic as the Strand has never seen. Vehicles and guns are in countless numbers, horse drawn, motor and tractor drawn, other lines of pack horses each upon a like mission. Here and there up ahead a bright light shoots skyward. We are nearing the front line. Again and again more lights illuminate the scene. The enemy is looking for movement. He must not know of our concentration. It must be carried out in secret. Through fields of grain our roads run. The column is halted, the ammunition unloaded beside the road and carefully concealed with straw. And so upon successive nights the process is repeated until at length in neat piles it awaits the day of the attack. Meanwhile under cover of darkness our guns are dug in and carefully camouflaged. Nor are we alone in this, for numerous other units are carrying out similar operations. All is ready, guns are in position. Amid the low-lying mists and grey light of the early dawn

The Drive

cavalry wait in thousands, with numberless tanks and armoured cars. Stand To. The zero hour has arrived. The whole earth and sky quiver and throb with a thundering volcanic roar. THE BIG PUSH HAS STARTED.

A. G. M. D.

The above is an extract from the final issue of the *Strafer*.

The Battery had moved from the Arras Front, and after a day's journey had detrained at Saleux, close to Amiens. A long march was at once commenced, and the journey finally came to an end shortly before dawn, in a field close to the village of Boutillerie, by the River Luce. Every man was in such a state of exhaustion that as soon as the horses were tied up he rolled himself in a horse blanket and slept in the field where he had halted. Even the thought of oncoming rain could not call up enough energy to make a search for a billet, in the surrounding empty houses, worth while. Canadian troops kept pouring into this district every night. The wooded valleys and rolling nature of the country made concealment of troops and materials a comparatively easy matter.

By day there was little movement in the back area and none whatever passed a certain point about eight miles from the line. By night the preparations for the offensive were made and the traffic on the roads was greater than the Front had ever seen before. Soon it became known that the Australian, the Canadian, and a French Corps were to launch a surprise offensive on a large scale.

A force of Canadian infantry was sent north to the Ypres Salient to throw Fritz off the scent. This force did everything that it was possible to do to make the enemy believe that the Canadian Corps was in this sector of the line. A big raid was put over each night and it was managed so that identification marks of the raiding parties always fell into the hands of the Hun. Different patches and badges were worn on each occasion and thus Fritz came to believe that the whole Canadian Corps was concentrated here. The organization and actual preparations for the offensive appeared to be very complete and everything ran smoothly. The one obsessing fear was that Fritz would get the wind of what was coming off and retire a short distance, throwing

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everything into disorder. Hundreds of guns were brought in under cover of darkness, but not a shot of registration was fired before the attack began. No Canadians were in the line until shortly before zero hour on the eventful day.

About half of the Battery were out every night packing ammunition forward through the tangle of traffic to what was to be the Battery position, about 900 yards from our front line. The position was situated between Cachy and Villers Bretonneux. After packing all night the boys would have a rest in the morning and then a good swim in the river in the afternoon.

The night before the guns were taken up into position the Battery musicians and humorists gave a very lively concert in an abandoned moving picture hall beside the Wagon Lines. There were visitors present from other units in the Corps and from the Australian Corps. The show broke up at a late hour with every one hoarse but happy. The morale was away up in the clouds.

On the night of the 5th two guns were brought in and the remainder during the following night. The gunners worked by night and lay low by day. The camouflage experts were working overtime these days, for hundreds of guns were being put into position right under Fritz's nose, and everything had to be concealed to prevent his getting an inkling of what was taking place.

It was a minute before zero hour on August the 8th, and except for the occasional rattle of a machine-gun or the bark of an 18-pounder doing harassing fire, the front was silent as a grave. The gunners were standing to, nervously waiting for the tumult to begin. 4.20. Far to the rear a giant gun boomed. With one deafening blast the entire front awoke, and the rumble of the great naval guns, the crash of the heavies, and the sharp bark of the field guns, were all mingled into one unending ear-piercing roar. The ground shook and throbbed as the monsters blasted away at intense rate. The darkness was pierced on every side by sharp recurring flashes. It was impossible to hear; almost as impossible to think. By the fitful light of the gun flashes, the gunners could be seen toiling away, intent on nothing but their work, and determined to keep the guns going at schedule rate at all costs. The infantry

The Drive

were depending on the artillery to do their part and they were not behindhand.

From the edge of the Battery position the sharp flashes of the shrapnel could be seen as it burst over Hangard Wood, 1500 yards in front. Suddenly out of the mist appeared a tank, directly in front of the guns and bearing down upon them. Was it friend or foe? Doubts were set at rest by its shape and markings, but not until the wind had gone up a considerable distance. The light was very confusing and it had lost its way. It barged between two guns, narrowly missing one of them, and setting off a round of ammunition that lay in its path. The shell burst and the gun crew narrowly missed being blown off the face of the earth. It trundled on unconcernedly.

As the heavy mists began slowly to roll away and the light of day to filter through the clouds, many strange sights could be seen. Away over on the flanks numerous tanks were visible, wobbling along in their clumsy fashion. Ahead, the smoke of the barrage could be made out, as it crept over the hills and valleys. In rear, long lines of cavalry were drawn up in parade order, being inspected by their General before going into the attack. The horses were stamping nervously, impatient to be on the move. At a word of command they moved off, passing by on the right flank of the battery and under the nose of other guns continually firing away. They advanced at a trot in what appeared to be an unending column of fours, interrupted here and there by a battery of horse artillery sandwiched in between the squadrons. On the other flank the whippets were frisking by. They were dangerous looking little devils, for they had the speed of a motor car, the agility of a terrier, and the killing power of a machine-gun nest.

The barrage rolled forward a considerable distance and the plain in front became dotted with cavalry, horse artillery, and whippets, working forward as if on dress parade for their phase of the attack. Truly a glimpse of the pageantry of war which had been conspicuous by its absence during the long months of trench warfare. As time went on the sight was broken by the appearance of streams of ambulances on the road, and droves of prisoners, apparently unescorted, making their way quite contentedly towards the rear.

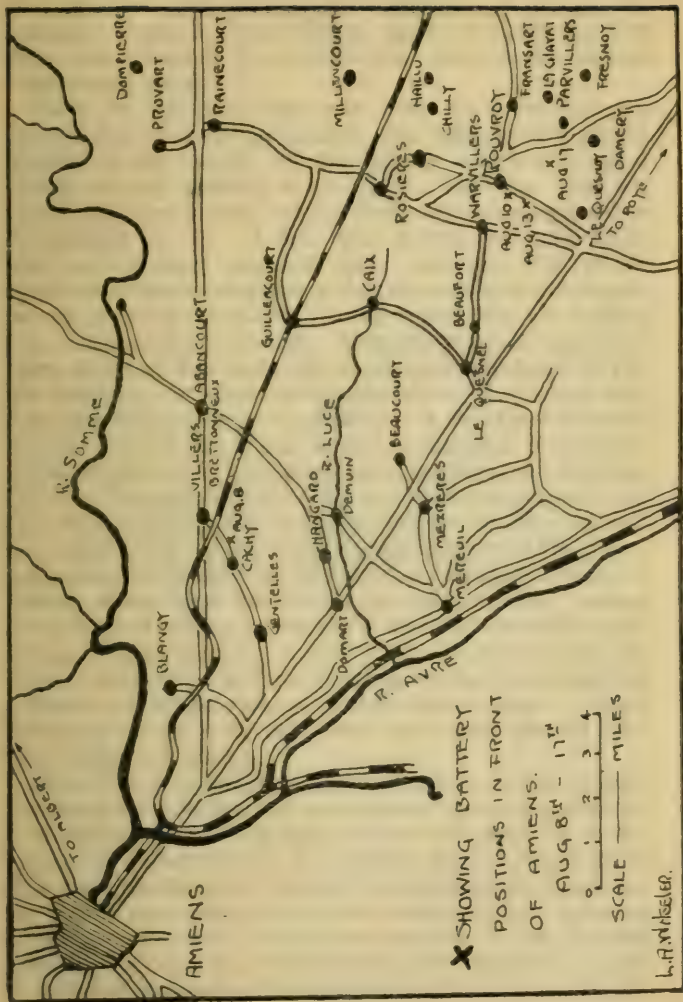
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Ambulances would pass in rear and close to the guns and the occupants would take the trouble to lean out and shout. "Good work, artillery. Perfect barrage." Between eight and nine the barrage came to an end and the work was taken up by batteries that had crossed No Man's Land not very long after zero hour. The guns had been firing over seven thousand yards and it was reported by the wounded coming back, that the kilties of the Third Brigade, whom the Fifth were supporting, had taken their objectives in fine style and were already far ahead. During the barrage "Art" Rowlands and Frank Burke were quite severely wounded and Sergt. Stewart was slightly wounded. The Padre, Capt. Latimer, and Capt. Jones of the Y.M.C.A., on the job as usual, had appeared on the scene at an opportune moment and cheered the crews up with a welcome supply of cigarettes.

About noon the limbers left the horse lines to haul the guns forward. On their journey up they passed a prisoners' cage that contained over two thousand captives, and the number was constantly increasing. Some of the prisoners were out with rolls of barbed wire enlarging their happy homes.

Every one from the Generals to the Rear Rank Privates were smiling that day. The Corps had put one over on Fritz at a comparatively small cost and the army was tickled foolish. Phillip Gibbs caught the spirit of the troops and finished his dispatch thus—"To-day the Canadian Corps Area is all smiles." General Rawlinson, the Commander of the Fourth Army, looked a proud man that day as he rode forward over what had, a short time before, been enemy territory. On him and his staff had fallen the work of organizing a great part of this attack, and the troops will all bear testimony to the splendid manner in which everything had been foreseen and every detail worked out beforehand.

The guns were limbered up and moved forward into the old No Man's Land near Hangard Woods. It was the first offensive of the season and everyone was eager to move on, but the Division was held in reserve to await future developments of the attack, and the Battery remained at Hangard Woods until the early morning of the tenth. According to rumor—and spreading rumors is one of the chief delights





The Drive

of army life—the line was anywhere up to fifty miles ahead. The over optimistic ones firmly believed that the cavalry and armoured cars had reached the Rhine. As it was, the Canadian Corps had gone fifteen thousand yards the first day of the offensive, the record for any army on the western front during the war.

Early on the tenth the order came to move forward. In the first part of the journey the villages were almost levelled to the ground by the barrage, which had rolled ahead, missing nothing in its path. The way then led across flat open country which hardly showed a sign of the devastation of war. A few dead horses here and there, and an occasional stranded tank, were the only visible evidences of the dashing charge that the cavalry and whippets had made across the plain. Shortly before noon the fighting area was once again reached. Alongside the road was something which at first sight was more than calculated to put the wind up. A whole field appeared to be covered with dead men lying about in all positions. A closer look however brought a relief, for it was merely a battalion of infantry, dog-tired after two days' continuous marching and fighting, that had stopped to rest. The men were so fatigued that they lay down immediately they halted, and in a few seconds were dead to the world. Eighteen-pounders still firing were passed and the Battery was pulled into a field behind Beaufort Woods, where there was a wait for orders. While waiting here a force of cavalry passed by on the other side of the field. It was a bright morning, a pretty slip of country, and the cavalry trotting by in lines of twenty or thirty, followed by a battery of horse artillery, made a brave show. Around the corner of the wood they went and a few minutes later they would be in action.

Major Oland, together with the remainder of the Battery Commanders in the Brigade, went forward on a reconnaissance. A Canadian mail arrived while he was still away and it was immediately distributed. A Canadian mail is always more than appreciated, but it is doubly so at a time like this, when the troops are waiting to go into action and are ignorant of what awaits them in the near future. A few minutes after the mail arrived, the attention of everyone was drawn to an aerial engagement between two fast enemy planes and

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several R.A.F. Observers. The Boche airmen had flown over our lines in order to locate battery positions and obtain information regarding the movement of troops in the neighborhood. These two planes, outnumbered and outmanœuvred, were being slowly driven down in the direction of the Battery. One of the enemy, while still at an altitude of 500 feet, directed his machine gun on the lines of men and horses beneath him. At the sound of the whistling bullets there was a scramble for cover beneath the wagons on the part of the men below. Some, ostrichwise, were trying to find protection beneath the foliage of a nearby apple tree. Our airmen, in regard for the safety of those on the ground, held their fire and opened a loop-hole of escape. The Hun planes, seizing their opportunity, made good their escape and flew back over their own lines at top speed.

The reconaissance party returned, but minus one of its number in the person of Major Ringwood, O.C. of the 60th Battery. His death was a great loss to the brigade, for in addition to being an efficient battery commander, he was known throughout the length and breadth of the land for the service he had rendered in training the Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Canadian Artillery.

The Battery commenced to move forward to occupy the chosen position at 3.30 p.m. The road led through Beaufort Village and then out on to the flat country beyond. The cavalry had had a hot time crossing these plains a short time before, for the whole field was under direct observation by the enemy on the ridge in front. The Major, the R.O., and their signallers, trotted ahead in different parties, with 50 yards between each party. The Battery, led by Capt. Riley, came on behind. The orders to form line and trot were given. Now for a little taste of open warfare such as had been dreamed of. The guns went rattling on as if on review parade, and quite according to Hoyle and Field Artillery Training. F.A.T. is a most valuable book for training purposes, but during active operations the god of war is apt to upset its theories at the most inopportune moment. It did. The manœuvre was being executed quite correctly, when the inevitable joker appeared in the shape of a deep trench directly in front. The Captain gave the signal and the guns came into column of route again. The first gun

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attempted to cross the trench where the sides were worn away to a semblance of a road. It was a worse place than it looked and the pole of the gun limber snapped. The gunners ran forward, pulled the gun out of the road, and commenced to dig feverishly to cut away the sides of the trench. The shelling was getting handy and as no time could be wasted the others started to cross in turn. The second gun crossed safely but its wagon broke a pole. It was hauled aside. When it came to the fourth gun it suffered the same fate. The trench had now been widened and the others crossed safely. It was not for nothing that the Battery had won many casualty races in old Witley, and in a few seconds the guns came charging along behind the others. They were swung into action alongside a bank on the right of Rouvroy and the limbers and wagons trotted away as quickly as possible, for shells were beginning to drop quite handy to the position. Everything was got ready with all possible speed but it turned out to be unnecessary, for there was no firing done that afternoon or night.

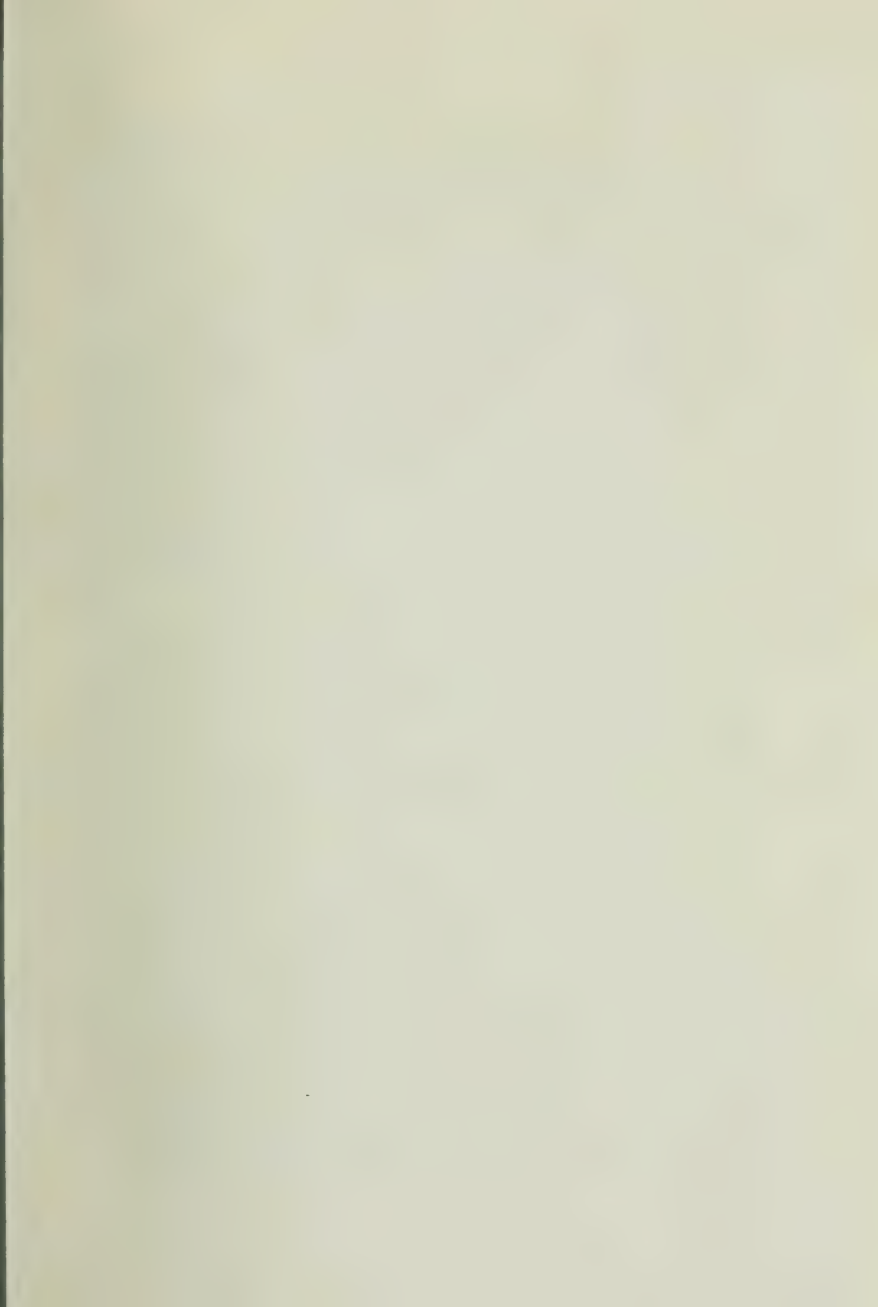
The Wagon Lines were placed in a field to the right of Beaufort, which during peace times nestled sleepily against the woods in the background. The picturesque landscape in the vicinity was now rudely wakened from its midsummer placidity by the streams of army traffic that dotted its surface in every direction. Convoys of motor trucks, endless columns of horse-drawn vehicles, and moving bodies of troops, raised stifling pillars of dust high above the road, and the whole country showed signs of industry such as it had never witnessed before. The Wagon Line position was to have been on the spot where the Battery had halted at the time that the aerial fight took place. Capt. Riley did not like the locality, and in preference, chose the place that is mentioned above. A shallow trench ran alongside the lines and every one was required to sleep in it. This was a wise measure, for enemy planes were over all night and the ground shook continually with the concussion of the bursting bombs. The position where the Battery was to have gone received a considerable number of these, and the unit that had very unwisely occupied it lost a large proportion of their horses and a number of men.

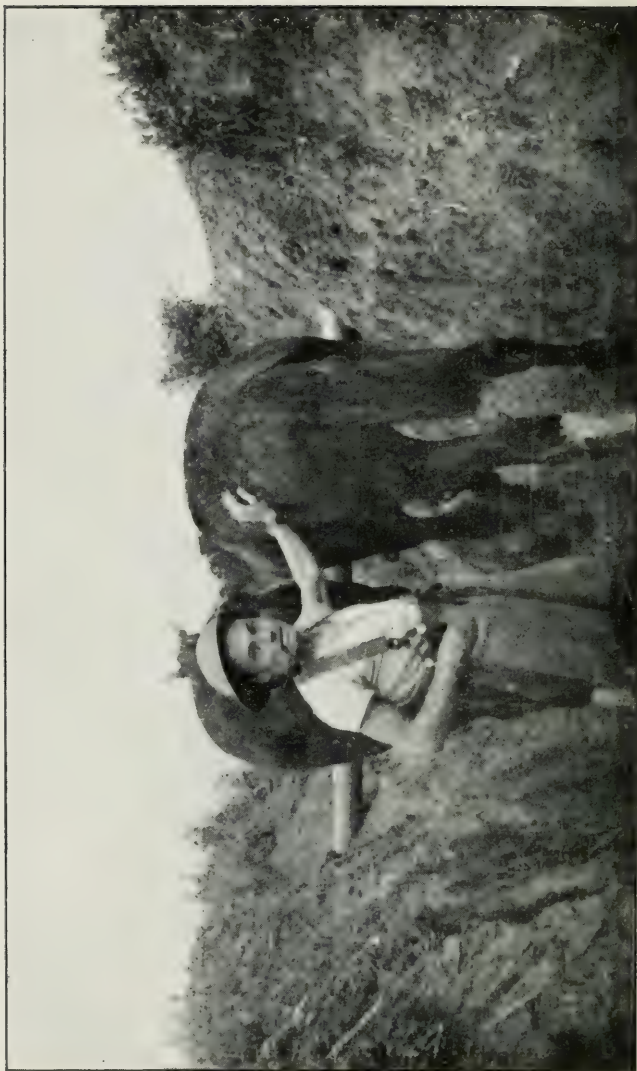
On the morning of the 11th the Battery assisted in putting

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up a barrage to cover troops of the 32nd Division, who were making an attack on Parvillers. The Hun had now reached the old Somme line and was securely entrenched behind heavy barbed wire. The attack was a failure, for the tanks were unable to cross the huge shell holes and pierce the wire, which in places was very thick and many feet high. Most of the tanks were stranded and the attacking infantry suffered severe casualties.

Just as dusk was falling the sound of a heavy bombardment up the line was heard, and numerous shells began to fall in the vicinity of the Battery position. The sounds were unmistakable and a short time later the expected message came over the line. S.O.S. In a few seconds the guns were ablaze all along the front. Their roar was added to by that of bursting shells which were landing close by, throwing huge columns of earth into the air. The splinters were whizzing across in every direction and the only thing that saved the crews were the mounds of earth that they had thrown up on each side of the guns. The surrounding darkness was lighted up by the continuous flashes, as the batteries pounded away at Intense Rate. This had been going on for but a short time when the order "drop 100 yards" was received. A few minutes later it came through again "drop 100". The enemy line at the nearest point was but two thousand yards away and the wind began to go up. Every one had visions of the Hun appearing over the crest in front in a few minutes' time. Machine guns were manned and rifles placed in a handy position. Fritz would have a tough proposition to pass that bank should he continue his attack, for three of the batteries in the Brigade were stretched out in one long line. Just then a shell landed in front of D Sub. Gun, and "Art." Hounscome and "Stew" Clarke were wounded. Another dropped almost on top of C Sub., but the splinters were imbedded in the far side of the bank and no one was touched. A mounted orderly set off for the horse lines at a gallop, with an urgent message for more ammunition. In a short time the wagons came up at a trot, dropped their load and were away again. The alarms that had been occasioned proved groundless and at last the order came through to Cease Firing. The counter attack had been a failure. For his efficient work and disregard of danger





REGGIE ARMSTRONG AS MOUNTED ORDERLY AT ROUVROY

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during this trying day, Mr Gossage was subsequently awarded the M. C.

That night, the 32nd Division was relieved and the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade took over this sector of the line. The 7th Brigade then set out to take by stealth, what the others had found impossible to take by storm. The Hun was in an extremely strong position and it was found that the only way to drive him out, was to work up the old communication trenches and bomb him out foot by foot. This method of attack continued day and night and Fritz had to give way eventually to the superior prowess that our infantry showed in this art of warfare. By the 15th, Parvillers and the adjacent system of trenches were well behind our line. During this period the Battery were kept busy firing on machine gun nests and strong points, and in helping to break up counter attacks. The 42nd Highlanders and Princess Pat's were very pleased with the support that they were getting from the 14th Brigade, particularly when a large force of the enemy issuing from Parvillers was caught under the fire of the guns and almost annihilated.

An exchange of positions had been made on the night of the 13th with the 61st Battery. The 66th guns, which were equipped with air buffers, were the only ones that could reach the proposed objective from this position, which was in rear. The exchange was a welcome one, for the old spot had been severely shelled the night before, and a 5.9 had landed beside the right section dug-out, caving in the wall. All the gunners were in it at the time and were partially buried, though none of them were hurt.

There was a great deal of firing done every day, and the weather was fine and so hot, that very frequently the gunners were working away with nothing but a tin lid above the waist.

The Y.M.C.A., which invariably follows close upon the heels of the attacking force, was very busy at this time. The canteen at Rouvroy was much patronized between the hours of strafing that the village was intermittently subjected to. The first canteen was put out of business by a direct hit, but another was immediately set up in a different part of the village.

The work for the drivers, gunners, and signallers was hard

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these days, but the authorities were doing everything in their power to keep the morale up. Without doubt the issue of strawberry jam was the greatest chronicled in history. All due credit for this fact is given to Capt. Bairnsfather and his cartoon.

A concentrated shoot was carried out on the morning of the 17th and the same day the infantry captured La Chavatte and Fransart. After the advance the Battery moved forward to a position about a thousand yards in front.

The balloons on the right, where the French were fighting were advancing rapidly every day and the gain on this part of the line appeared considerable. No attempt to make anything but small advances was carried out by the Canadians and the offensive appeared to have come to an end on this sector. Rumors of relief by the French now began to spread around, and visions of a rest were in sight. On the evening of the 21st the change took place and the guns came out. The relief was a mysterious one, for no French artillery was to be seen anywhere, and the batteries simply moved off on being informed that they were no longer responsible for protecting their sector of the line.

The Canadian Corps was being relieved, but the move was to be a secret one, and the Battery set off at midnight on its long march to Saleux. It was a perfect summer night and the full harvest moon revealed every detail of the landscape in its bright white light. Such a night is very fine for moving in many ways but it means hostile bombers overhead continually. The planes were busy all night but they were good enough to leave this particular road severely alone.

The route took the column of rumbling vehicles through silent deserted villages, whose skeleton houses looked weirdly fantastic under the moon's soft luminous light; and then out on to the rolling pastoral country, dotted with clumps of trees clothed in the fulness of their midsummer foliage. Through tumble-down gates and ruined walls, glimpses of ancient chateaux could be seen, as they stood proudly, but gaunt, windowless, and deserted, amidst the wreckage of warfare. Even night could not hide all traces of the great battle that had swept across the face of this country. Shortly after dawn the journey came to an end, and the Battery

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bivouacked on a spot beside Hangard Woods, that had once before been used for this purpose on the nights of August 8th and 9th. The troops were hot and weary, and during the day got what little sleep they could. The field artilleryman is out of luck at a time like this, for the horses have to be attended to regularly three times a day. At dusk the journey was resumed and the Battery pulled into Pont Du Metz, shortly before dawn. The whole march of 32 miles had been made in a little over twenty four hours and at the end everyone was dog-tired and almost asleep.

The bivouac beside the river Luce was an ideal one and in no time the horses were attended to and each man rolled up in his blankets beneath the trees for a well-earned rest. There was no move that day. It was hot summer weather at this period, and the river Luce, rippling by between green shaded banks, provided a much desired diversion, and the boys spent most of their spare time in swimming.

On the afternoon of the 24th, a short march was made to Saleux, and the guns and horses were loaded on the waiting train after much sweat of brow and the expenditure of a great quantity of cursing. Trainload after trainload of Yanks going south, passed by while there was a wait at the station. Just after dark the train pulled northward for an unknown destination. It had hardly got under way when numerous gleams from anti-aircraft searchlights began to pierce the sky in every direction. The ominous hum of Fritzie planes could be heard almost directly overhead, and in addition, great splashes of flame could be seen as the bombs dropped alongside the railway track in front. They were making a good attempt to put this important line out of commission and blow up the troop train in addition. Suddenly the different beams converged on one spot, and their rays lit up the outline of a huge plane. The Archies began to fire at a rate that only Archies can, and the shells were bursting around the Hun immediately overhead. Duds might drop at any moment. The troops were caught between two conflicting emotions. Their experience taught them to climb under the vehicles loaded on the train, but their innate curiosity prompted them to watch the interesting spectacle going on above them. Curiosity killed the cat but it taught very few a lesson, and most of them did like

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Steve Brodie and took a chance. No one was hit, for the plane slid out of the rays and escaped.

The great offensive called the Battle of Amiens, or the Battle of Picardy, had now come to an end, and the troops said good-bye-e forever to the southern country. Picardy is a very fine place, particularly in the much famed song, but the roses were blooming no longer and everyone was glad to be on the move northward again.

The Battle of Arras and Drocourt Queant Line

The Battery detrained at Aubigny during the morning of August 25th, which was a bright summer day. Back to the old haunts again and everyone hoped that a few days' rest was in store. The column set out along the road, and it soon became known that the well remembered country near Arras was the destination. Nothing could look more peaceful than the long shaded Arras-St Pol Road, with its inevitable row of idle motor trucks lining the edges at odd intervals. Back on a peace time front once more !

It was a weary crew that pulled into St Catherine's that night after a fifteen kilo march. The old hard tack and bully tasted pretty good, and as soon as the mokes were fixed up, everyone put up the tarps over a shallow trench and snoozed off. Precious little sleep they got ! A thunder-storm came on and, after blowing down most of the tarps, drenched the whole crew. The morale which was nearly at rock bottom, went down further when the S.M. routed everyone out about midnight. "Get the guns ready and hook in." "The Battery is going over in close support of the infantry for an attack on Monchy," The troops were cold but the air was warm with curses. Did anyone say this was a peace-time front ?

It was a weird sight going into action that night. The road led through the battered city of Arras and the moon, which appeared at intervals through the fleeting clouds, produced a queer fantastic effect, as it shone between the shattered buildings of this silent dead city. The way now led

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through a cemetery, and to make matters more cheerful, it began to drizzle, and the moon died a natural death. At this time the front, not very far off, was silent as the grave. The head of the column had just passed the end of the cemetery at 3 a.m. when the line awoke with a crash. The bombardment had started. Gun flashes could be seen in every direction and the ground was rocking with the concussion of the heavies in rear. The Battery was pulled into a field to await the time to follow up the infantry. Fritz became active and 5.9's began to drop about a hundred yards away. "They are only well diggers." "To hell with them!" The troops were fed up and thought of nothing but making up a bit of those twenty-four hours sleep that had been lost. Everyone cursed, and rolling into a deeper shell hole, went off to sleep. The horses just as tired never winked an eye. If a good fight depended on pep, God help the Battery this time.

Daylight dawned, and those who could scrape up the energy had an opportunity of seeing to a certain extent what was taking place. Monchy, that battered fortress on the hill that had been the subject of rumors of offensives for many months, was shrouded in a smoke screen. Columns of infantry were moving forward in support over this dreary battlefield of four years.

The order to advance was given and after a little difficulty the horses were untangled from the barbed wire underfoot and the guns pulled through innumerable shell holes to what served as an apology for a road. The engineers, following right behind the infantry, had been busy and bridges were in place across each line of trenches. The guns were brought into action beside what, a few hours before, had been the German support trench on the west slope of Orange Hill.

The army behind the attacking infantry could now be seen moving forward in full force. A concentration of troops appears to consist mostly of horses, wagons, and motor lorries, and not merely of men as might be imagined. The roads and tracks leading down from Arras contained endless streams of wagons and trucks carrying forward ammunition and engineering material for consolidating the gain. Whole battalions of railway troops were putting the old German light railway bed into condition for use. Shells of all sizes began to spray every locality; the ammunition convoys

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were having a rough time of it, and those at the forward wagon lines the worst of all. They could be seen dodging from place to place to escape the salvoes that were searching out the whole valley.

The work allotted to the 14th Brigade was to support the 7th Infantry Brigade, when they reached opposition beyond the zone of the original barrage. During the day it was seen that the enemy had not been taken unawares and that this was no surprise attack, as at Amiens, but a stand-up fight in which the best troops would win. The odds were against the Canadians but they did not fail.

About noon, orders for a barrage came through and the work for the crews began. But a hazy memory of the next three days remains to those who were working the guns. There was a continual stream of orders coming in : a barrage, and S.O.S., machine-gun nests to be wiped out, wire to be cut. One task would be but half completed when the inexhaustible orderly sergeant would come sprinting from the O.C.'s dug-out. "Get this off as quickly as you can." In a few seconds the guns were going again in full blast. The crews were working as they seldom worked before and at times the guns were almost red hot. It must be remembered, that with a field artillery battery, there is no change of crews kept at the battery position and the same men were working morning, noon and night. In the meantime the drivers supplying ammunition were just as busy, for they were on the go continually in the shell-swept area. The forward lines were minus a cook and hard tack and bully were all that could be had. The wagons would come up to the position at a trot, drop their loads, and get away again as fast as possible. It was not a healthy locality.

What the unbeatable 7th Brigade was going through at this time it was but possible to imagine, for Pelves and Jigsaw Wood were providing an epic battlefield. It was an honor to be attached to such a unit, and everyone realizing this was out to give everything that was in him. The artilleryman has his trials and hard times but every man is willing to take off his hat to such infantry. The infantryman has the dirtiest and most difficult task and the gunner is not slow to admit it. It is gratifying to realize that the efforts of the Battery were appreciated here, for the Liaison

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Officer, Mr Sphon, and his signallers, Trapnell, Costigan, and Johnson, were decorated on the recommendation of the Colonel of the Princess Pat's, for going through a heavy machine-gun barrage in order to reach the phone to get a message back to the 14th Artillery Brigade. These orders were carried out so promptly and efficiently, that a large enemy force attempting to counter attack the Pats from Jigsaw Wood, was completely wiped out by gun fire.

The following is part of a congratulatory letter received by Colonel Ogilvie, C. O. 14th Brigade, from Colonel G. J. Stewart of the Princess Pat's :

I also want to thank your Brigade for the assistance it gave to us in every phase of the operations. The speed with which our calls for help were answered made everybody feel confident and at home.

(Sgd.) G. J. STEWART, Lt.-Col. P.P.C.L.I.

This famous regiment had been almost put out of existence by two days' incessant hand to hand fighting, but the survivors were prepared to fight to a finish rather than retire. During these two days' fighting the area round the gun position was pounded at short intervals and a number of guns were hit and casualties sustained in the neighboring batteries. The handy dug-outs that held the crews when they were not firing, and the Battery luck, both prevented the 66th from losing any men.

On the afternoon of the 28th a section was ordered forward. This move proved disastrous, for the attack on the left of the Corps area had not been entirely successful and the two guns were sniped at from the left flank with whizzbangs, as they moved up the road. For the same reason the position proved untenable and they were forced to return, being subjected to a hot fire all the way back. Just as the old Battery position was reached, a large shrapnell shell burst over one gun, and the two drivers, Bomb. Paul, and Ira Lowry, were both seriously wounded, while B. Sub. gun team, the pride of the Battery, was no longer in existence. Bomb. Paul died a short time after of the wounds he had received.

The opposition on the left of the Scarpe was finally overcome by the Jocks of the 51st Division, and the whole Battery

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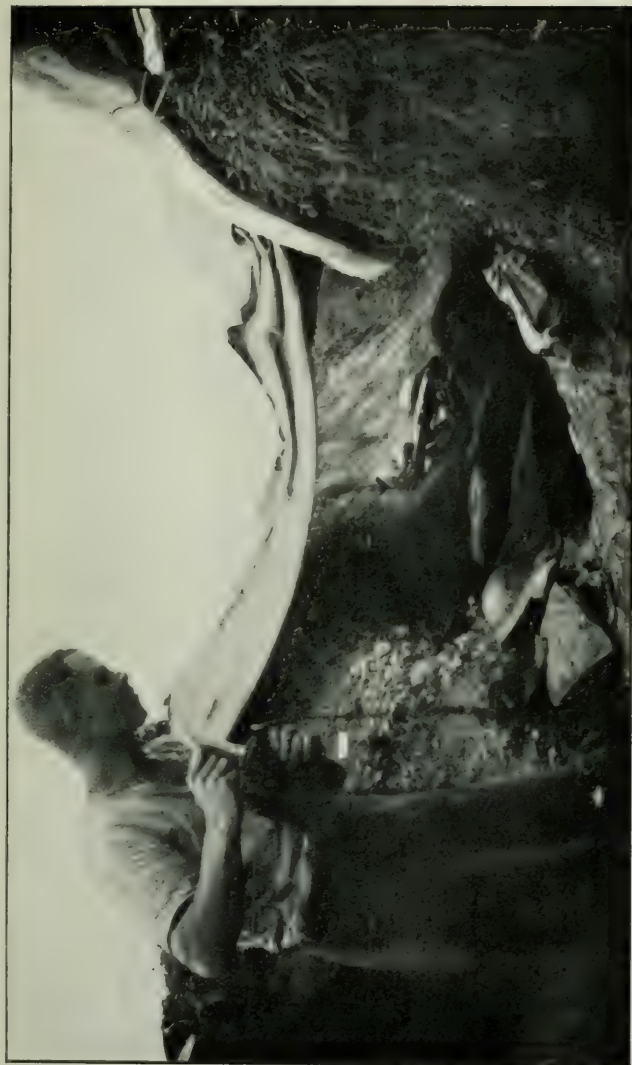
moved forward on the night of the 29th to a position in the valley between Monchy and the River Scarpe. The objectives on this particular front had been taken, and as there was no firing done during the stay here, everybody got a well-earned rest. The gasoline from the tank of a wrecked aeroplane, immediately in front of the position, was put to good use, for the troops busied themselves in getting rid of their ever-present little companions in misery. A few energetic ones amused themselves with a captured whizz-bang, which is a Heinie field gun. This was laid on the town of Vitry and hundreds of rounds of Hun ammunition were poured into the place. A nasty taste of his own medicine.

This position had been occupied on the morning of the attack and Fritz had evidently beaten a hasty retreat, leaving guns and all behind him. An interesting souvenir was found in the spape of a Hun counter-battery map. The exact spot which the 66th had occupied during June and July was plainly marked, and these guns were evidently those which with sudden and unexpected salvoes, had sent every man diving for a sheltering trench. Truly the tables were turned. It was some relief to know that our counter-battery service also had this position marked, for the vicinity bore evidences of wrecked gun pits and huge shell holes, where the Corps salvoes had landed. A Corps salvo consists of every heavy gun in the Corps firing in unison on a given spot. It is second only in intensity to the Wrath of God. Thank heaven, Heinie never used it !

Drocourt-Queant Line

The vicious fighting around Bois Vert, Bois Sart and the hill near Vis-En-Artois had now come to an end and the Hun was, as he imagined, safe behind the mighty barrier of the Wotan or Drocourt-Queant Line.

During the night of the 31st of August four guns, together with those of many other batteries, were moved forward and a position was taken up beside Boiry Notre Dame. This position was a ticklish one for it was on a hill unde



'HAPPY' McLAUGHLIN AND A "BIVVIE" TYPICAL OF THE ADVANCE



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open observation by the enemy from Mont Dury and the windmill on its crest, and that at no great distance away for observation purposes. The O.C., however, following his usual procedure in picking battery positions that had already saved so many lives had chosen a spot where there were dug-outs to hold the crews immediately behind the guns. The guns and ammunition were very carefully camouflaged with material lately captured from Fritz and the crews jammed themselves into the dug-outs. Do not make any mistake at the term jammed. It means about three square feet of floor or stair space per man: not exactly a feather bed. The shells were cutting the daisies overhead, but once their work was finished the men could afford to laugh at them. The remaining guns were brought up the following night and all of them were dug in. To the uninitiated it may come as a surprise to hear that the field artilleryman, like the infantryman, fights more with a pick and shovel than the rifle or gun. The lines of fire were laid out at dusk and the proceedings finished after dark. This is a difficult matter but there must be no movement by day and according to the new system of putting over a barrage not a shot of registration is fired before the actual attack. There is such confidence that any attack which the Canadian infantry make will be a success that the supporting artillery is placed in positions which would be nothing short of suicidal if the attack should prove a failure. Happily this never occurred.

Nothing but credit is due to the drivers for their work during these past days, and in fact during all the period from August 8th onwards. The life of the Field Artillery driver is always a hard one, but the circumstances of moving warfare made it doubly so. The light railways were left behind in the rapid advances and all the ammunition had to be brought forward by the wagons. The drivers were frequently out all night on dark muddy roads, blocked with traffic, and continually harassed by shell-fire and bombed by enemy planes. His was an unfortunate position, for whatever happened he had to stick on his team and this was frequently a trying ordeal, particularly when the shells or bombs were beginning to fall close to the road and the teams were unable to move forward on account of the tangle of traffic. He

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had to look after his horses during the daytime and also keep his harness as clean as possible. The wagon lines were frequently moved forward, and often he would just crawl into his blankets when a hurry call would come from up the line and he would have to hitch up his team and start on the dirty trip to the guns.

The attack which had been prepared for opened at 5.30 a.m. on the morning of the 2nd of September. The objective was the piercing of the Drocourt Queant Line, a spur of the main Hindenburg Line and equalling this system in natural and artificial strength. An immense concentration of artillery was on hand to obtain this objective.

The barrage of the 5th Division was covering the Fourth Imperial Division on the left of the Canadian Corps. It was an uneventful one as far as the Battery was concerned, for by some strange coincidence the position was free from shelling. The Nos. 1 had a hard time, however, for they had but two minutes to digest their orders before the shoot began. One particular thing was interesting, for it was the first opportunity that the gunners had had a chance of observing their own fire. The white puffs of the bursting shells could be plainly seen against the green background of the hill in front, though it was impossible to distinguish the figures of the attacking infantry. The attack, which was one of the most daring ever attempted on the Western Front, was entirely successful and early in the morning the Canadians were through the much-famed line.

Before nine the barrage was over and the 14th Brigade which was the first of the artillery to move forward, was on the road. The road led through the village of Vis-En-Artois, across a dirt track, and then up the Arras-Cambrai Road. The Battery position was to have been close to the village of Dury but the Boche was making a desperate attempt to attain this place and severe fighting was still going on in the vicinity. The troops of the 4th Canadian Division, whom the 5th Division had come forward to support, were having a hard fight, as was plainly shown by the continual stream of walking wounded filing down past the guns. They could be seen going forward in fighting trim and a few minutes later come stumbling out as casualties.

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The Brigade was brought into action at St Servins Farm, some distance behind Dury. The exact position of the 58th Battery was located by the enemy and it looked as if it would be wiped out of existence by shell fire. Shells were falling all around and in among the guns. The limbers came in at a gallop, wheeled around, the trails were dropped on the hooks, and the guns came out at the gallop to an apparently safe spot. Here they were brought into action again in no time. There were casualties during this operation but it was carried out as a model of speed and efficiency. During that afternoon Ab. Booth was killed and George Wheeler was wounded.

The wagon lines had been located in the valley not far from Vis-En-Artois. The floor on both sides of this valley was covered with innumerable lines of horses, and Fritz, becoming aware of the fact, shelled the place continually. The 66th was much better off than most of the units but Nicholson was slightly wounded and several horses were hit. The ammunition wagons had a rough time that night running the gauntlet under shell fire down the Arras-Cambrai Road. Driver Russell and Sergt. Rutherford were subsequently awarded the M.M. for work carried out at the time.

The following night the guns were moved, in rear of the windmill beside Dury. A Sub. gun was put out of action at this spot by a large shell which landed close by, blowing the end of the muzzle clean off. The crew had flopped in a shallow trench behind the guns and no one was hurt. "Milt" Grey was wounded during the stay here. The Battery again moved forward during the evening of the 6th to a spot close behind the village of Recourt.

At this time the Canadian Corps had driven in a deep salient beside the river Sensee. The Battery was now in an advanced position on the very left flank of the Corps, and the fire could come from the left rear, the left, and the front. It came. The commander of the Hun artillery on this part of the front had the D.T.'s that night, for no other reason would be sufficient to explain the nature of the enemy's fire. The limber and wagon teams had just left, and were but a hundred yards down the road, when the first shots landed. They did not come in single rounds, or even

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salvoes, but in deluge after deluge of shells of every size. This dose was repeated at frequent and uncertain intervals. What the target was still remains a mystery. A few rounds fell on the edge of the Battery position, but the great majority were merely churning and re-churning the ground in an adjacent field. It is doubtful if any damage was done, outside of causing one of the greatest attacks of "wind up" in history and delaying the orderly officer in his duties of issuing out the evening tot of rum. It was bad enough, however, for the delay of the latter was a very serious matter under any circumstances. An Imperial battery took over this position the following night and the guns were moved back to the old place at St Servins Farm. As a health resort Recourt was certainly not a great success and the joy of getting out was mixed with pity for the poor unfortunates coming in. A few days later the guns moved forward again to the old position behind the windmill.

The attack had now come to a standstill, for an apparently impassible barrier had been reached at the Canal du Nord. The casualties had been very heavy and the infantry had lost considerably over half their total strength. These losses however, were immediately made good by new drafts. The Battery guns, being now in reserve, were manned with skeleton crews and being practically out of range were only to be used on an S.O.S., in case of a counter attack.

It might be interesting now to examine the condition and state of mind of the boys. The continual fighting had not been without its effect on every man. The Battery had been in the line for over twelve months and during that period had had but two weeks' rest, and that away back in May. The guns were continually in action except for the time required to move from one part of the front to another. Everyone was fed up with fighting and seeing little except shattered villages, fields of shell holes, barbed wire, dead men, and the innumerable repulsive sights of modern warfare. Only five men had had leave since the Battery left England thirteen months before. Very few had had a bath for many weeks. It was a filthy, war-weary, fed-up crew. They could be counted on to give every ounce in them to beat Fritz, but their morale was pretty low. A cushy Blighty was about the cheeriest prospect in life.

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Existence at a time like this becomes a hand to mouth one and the outlook in life does not extend beyond a few essentials:—what there is for the next meal; what are the chances for a sleep that night; where is the nearest Y.M.C.A. and what stock have they got; when is the next Canadian mail coming. The end of the war appeared too far away even to think of it. Naturally these active operations had their advantages and they were not inconsiderable. The necessary work absorbed all the energy that existed and the usual army rigmarole, that ordinarily occupied half of a man's time and received nine-tenths of his curses, was forgotten for the moment. There were no generals examining the under side of harness buckles, no button cleaning, no ankle boots and "pootees," few parades, and the much-cursed bandoliers were tied on to the back of the wagons and nobody worried as to their whereabouts.

There were two things that came to break the monotony of work at this period. First the Y.M.C.A. canteen was established right in amongst the bivvies; second, a Heinie aviator provided some excitement daily. He would fly over the line and make for the observation balloons, anchored every mile or so along the front. A swoop from the clouds, a rattle of machine-gun bullets, and then the balloonists, two in number, could be seen jumping from their baskets as the balloon went up in flames. Not content with one he would repeat the process two or three times, and right along the front for miles the balloonists could be seen floating down beneath their parachutes. They led a hard life, for this was repeated daily. One of them landed close to the horse lines but the wind was blowing so hard that the parachute dragged him along the ground some distance and he was not rescued till several bones were broken.

On the 16th, Capt. Riley, now Major, left the 66th to take over the command of the 23rd Battery. It was the greatest loss that the Battery had suffered, for he was a man of marked ability, liked and respected by all. He possessed an uncanny knowledge concerning the safe spots for wagon lines. Time and again the surrounding lines would be bombed and shelled and there would be numerous casualties, yet always the 66th appeared to be immune and anchored down on one of the few safe spots in France. Capt. Kitchen, who had come

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to France as a sergeant, in the 1st Division, took over the position left vacant by Capt. Riley's departure.

On the 18th, the wagon lines were moved back a considerable distance to a spot behind Guemappe. The guns came out of action two days later and were brought back to the same place. The 14th Brigade was to have a long-promised and well-earned rest. During the operation of bringing out the guns a section was sniped at on the road and Sergt. Fleck was subsequently awarded the D.C.M. for his excellent work on this and many other occasions. "Soup" Innes was recommended for the M.M. for bringing his gun through shell-fire, though he had been wounded and both his horses were so badly hit that they died an hour later.

The rest proved to be a 5th Division one and it was short but not sweet. The rest billets consisted of shell holes and trenches about umpteen miles from nowhere. Not a building of any description could be seen for miles, and all around was nothing but a vast desolate waste. The morale needed a bracer and fortunately it got it, for the first men went on leave, and a liberal allotment was promised in the near future. Now there was something in life to look forward to. The 42nd and 87th Montreal Battalions were in rest in the vicinity at the same time and a number of old friends were met once again.

Canal Du Nord—Bourlon Wood— Cambrai

On the 21st, the day after the guns came down, the rest came to an abrupt end and the Battery moved forward again to a spot alongside the Dury-Hendicourt Road. Preparations seemed to indicate that another big show was coming off. The guns were kept at the wagon lines, but for three successive nights, a long column of wagons and pack horses brought ammunition forward to what was to be the Battery position near Inchy. The wagons went as far as the roads would allow and the last leg of the journey was made by pack horses carrying ten shells apiece. The difficulties met with were greater than they had ever been

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before. The position was well forward in the vicinity of the support trenches and the track to it lay across a stretch of ground under open observation from Bourlon Wood. It was impossible to do anything during the daytime and at night not even lighted cigarettes could be shown. The Hun was aware that trouble was brewing, and taking no chances, he continually harassed the roads and tracks with shell fire and drenched whole areas with gas shells. The horses were led to the Battery position, the rounds unloaded and the men scrambling into the saddle galloped up the track, hell for leather. This continued for three nights and again the Battery luck held out and not a man was wounded. How this was possible it is difficult to realize.

On the fourth night two guns were brought in. Fritz started his evening Hymn of Hate and the position was shelled just as the guns were being unhooked: the limbers wheeled around, and led by the dinky wagon, which had got a start, they went up the track at a mad gallop. The wagon lines were shelled during this period and Capt. Kitchen was wounded, so the O.C. decided to move and the lines were put up behind Riencourt. For mountain artillery it might have proved a good wagon line position but for field artillery it proved to be a drivers' everlasting curse. A stray horse would be lost in the sea of shell holes, and it required a map, a strong pair of spurs, and a stronger flow of language, to get a team and wagon out on to the road.

On the night of the 26th the four remaining guns came up and were placed in the pits that had been dug for them during the preceding night. Every one worked at top speed and by midnight the guns were laid on the correct line, the ammunition piled handy and everything fixed ready for the barrage. There was not much time wasted on an occasion like this, the stray machine-gun bullets were going "*phut*" in the ground nearby and an odd shell was dropping here, there, and everywhere. The dug-outs of an old Heinie position provided a safe spot for a sleep that night.

It became known that the object of the attack was the forcing of a passage across the Canal Du Nord, on a narrow frontage where the canal was dry. Once this strongly fortified barrier was crossed, the infantry were to spread

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out fanwise, and when Bourlon Wood was taken, they were to work over towards the left of Cambrai. The Battery was to assist in forming a protective barrage along another part of the canal and then to protect the flank of the 11th Imperial Division, which was attached to the Corps for the battle.

The crews were routed out shortly before zero hour and put the final touches on the preparations. At a time like this the ominous silence that precedes the storm causes a queer sensation to run down the spine of those nervously awaiting the crash. It is like the feelings, a hundred times intensified, of a swimmer about to take a dive through the ice.

At 5.20 on the morning of the 27th of September, there broke out the roar of a concentration of artillery which dwarfed in intensity even that of the battle of Amiens or the Drocourt Line. Every shell hole in the neighbourhood of Inchy appeared to contain a gun. Daylight was just breaking and the continuous flashes of the guns created a weird effect. The Hun did not take long to retaliate and shells began to drop in the neighborhood quite frequently. The barrage had been going on for about an hour when the 66th sustained the greatest loss that it had ever suffered. A shell landed in C Subs. pit, and with the exception of "Gordie" Rowell, the crew was instantly killed. Rowell was severely wounded. The death of Sergt. Hodgson, John Robson and "Vir" Beckitt caused a loss to the battery in every way that it is impossible to over-estimate. Sergt. Hodgson was acting Sergt.-Major, and having no particular work to do once the barrage had started, he left the control dug-out to give his gun crew a hand. He told Bomb. Robson to go in and get some breakfast, saying that he would look after the firing of the gun in the meantime. Just after he had spoken, the shell landed and both were instantly killed.

To speak here of Sergt. Hodgson and of his work would be showing no lack of respect or appreciation of the character of those others who were killed during the existence of the Battery. Had they been spared, they would have been the first to voice their opinion among the chorus of assent. His was an outstanding personality. His cool head and good judgment had served the Battery in many a difficult

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situation, and his personal character was such, that he was liked and respected by all and worshipped by his own men.

"Stew" Thom was severely wounded by a shell that had dropped at about the same time as the one that killed the others. By a strange coincidence C Subs. gun was practically uninjured and in a few minutes it was in action again with a scratch crew. The reduced crews now made the work of the remainder more difficult. The barrage was a long one and the guns became so hot that it was necessary to rest them and oil them up at intervals. To do this one gun at a time has to be put out of action for a short period. The firing finally came to an end about noon, having gone on continually since 5.20 a.m. It was a hard tedious morning. During a period like this each gun will fire away four or five hundred rounds, without ever having to speed things up, except at the beginning of the barrage.

During the afternoon the Battery moved across the Canal Du Nord and up onto the high ground in rear of Bourlon Wood, which had been captured by the 4th Canadian Division in the morning. The 12th Infantry Brigade, who were the first around the wood, put up a gallant fight and lost severely during the operation. Just before dusk a big Canadian mail was brought up with the ammunition wagons. For a few minutes the war was forgotten and the home news, together with the best girl's message, were the ruling topics of the moment. Shortly after dark the guns were again moved forward to a position in rear of Bourlon Village. The teams were caught on the road by harassing fire but they made a dash for it and got out safely. It was a tired weary crew that finished digging-in the guns at about two next morning. The troops were earning their munificent salary of a dollar ten per diem.

A barrage was fired early that morning. Was the enemy standing? Cambrai had fallen; Cambrai was still holding out. Rumors were rife on every hand. The Continental Daily Mail, which still managed to filter through into the fighting area, contained wild news. The enemy were being driven back on every sector of the different fronts. Events were taking place which a few weeks before would have been considered impossible dreams. A dawn of hope

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appeared and the troops began to realize that their work and sacrifice were not in vain. The Hun was losing his grip. Optimistic dreams however soon tumbled down to unpleasant realities. The Major appeared from the village in front, eating up the intervening ground with his long legs.

"Stand To." Orders for cutting wire at a range dreamed to be well within our lines. "Gun Fire!" Fritz was making a resistance on the Marcoing Line and he must be chased out immediately. The guns all round were blasting away and the object was finally accomplished before dark.

The low lying ground in the vicinity had become a mass of wagon lines by now and the Battery wagons had moved up. It was a fine clear night and Fritz, realizing his opportunity, bombed continually. For a considerable time the bombs were dropping one after the other and some units had a number of casualties. At 2 a.m. the guns were moved forward onto the ridge at the left front of Bournon Wood. This spot had been severely straffed and drenched with gas during the evening and there was a sickening odor still hanging about. This odor was added to by that of a dead horse, which judging by its smell, had given its last kick at the battle of Cambrai the year before.

Dawn brought an inspiring sight. Cambrai—the Land of Promise for many a long month—lay directly below, its church spires and red roofs gleaming in the morning sunshine. Little did anyone realize what a price had to be paid by the Canadian infantry before it lay securely behind their lines. A barrage was fired at 8.30 a.m. and then a succession of crashes and bursts of gun fire on strong points. The guns, which were equipped with air buffers, were becoming cranky and refused to run up. Between the crashes everyone had to set to with hand pumps and pump them up. They were brought up to full pressure but in this operation the gunners became crankier and more winded than the guns had ever been. Running a quarter mile race is merely a breathing exercise compared to pumping up an eighteen-pounder to full pressure at high speed. The following day, the 30th, was a repetition of events. The guns were almost red-hot at times and there was the same trouble with the pumping. "Air Brake" Collinson might have been a chronic grouch but his services were sadly missed

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at a time like this. The Battery was again moved forward during the night to a position directly behind Cambrai.

In the early hours of October 1st an attempt was made by the Canadian infantry to outflank Cambrai. The attack proved a partial failure, for Fritz, expecting such a thing, had thrown several extra divisions into the line. It turned out to be the most terrible day in the history of the Corps. Whole battalions were practically wiped out of existence and at the end of the day others had left but a handful of officers and a few dozen men, out of what had been full battalions but three days before. During this operation the Battery was called on for a smoke barrage to protect the right flank of the attack. A screen of smoke was dropped right down the edge of Cambrai, thus preventing effective machine-gun fire from being directed from the buildings. This shoot was different from any other that had been fired. The angles for each gun were the same but the set of ranges for each was different. Thus each gun had its own particular side of the city to cover with smoke ; the whole distance being covered by the six guns.

In view of the heavy losses of the infantry and the apparent strength of the enemy, a strong counter attack was expected. Counter preparation targets were given out and all artillery was ordered to stand to from 4.30 to 6.30 a.m., ready to fire at a second's notice. This counter preparation, which is used to break up a counter attack, was fired on twice during the morning of the 2nd and once during the evening. In addition to this, numerous machine-gun nests were fired on during the day. The following morning the same target was again engaged and there was another shoot in the evening. The position on the front remained unchanged. Nothing occurred during the 4th. During this time the balloons were very far forward and Fritz was attempting to bring them down with Archie fire, a new method. These were bright moonlight nights and bombing planes were over every night and all night. It was the worst bombing that the Battery had to endure, and at times the wind was up a mile. Corporal Sharpe and Corporal Farthing were made sergeants about this time to replace Sergt. Hodgson who had been killed and Sergt. Forbes who had left for England

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to take out his commission. On the night of the 5th the right section was relieved by the section of an Imperial Battery. Next day an S.O.S. was called for and several targets were engaged. During the night the remainder of the Battery was relieved and they took up a position behind the village of Haynecourt. The country round was a barren waste and the troops were getting considerably fed up with living in shell holes, which had been their only billets since August 8th. Two guns were moved into a forward position during the night of the 7th. There was a dense fog on, due to S.R.D., and there was some difficulty in laying out the lines of fire.

At 1.30 on the morning of the 9th another attack for Cambrai was launched. It was a new departure in warfare to put over a big attack at such an hour and in pitch darkness. It proved to be entirely successful and at 9 a.m. the 3rd Canadian Division held Cambrai. When the English troops entered the city from the south at a later hour they found the place already in the hands of the Canadians. During this operation the Battery was firing H.E. into the villages of Blécourt and Tilloy.

That night the teams were at the Battery, when a Heinie plane, flying low, came directly for the position, dropping bombs at short intervals. It unloaded on the adjoining position, causing several casualties and spraying splinters among the 66th guns. Bill Karn had a narrow escape. A splinter pierced the breast pocket over his heart. The pocket contained a large packet of letters and it cut through all of these except the last one, in which it imbedded itself. A good souvenir *De la Guerre* and a better argument for keeping the troops well supplied with mail. The plane then flew directly over the teams. A bomb was due right among the horses. It never dropped. Exactly why it is difficult to say.

The guns were then moved forward along the Cambrai-Douai Road. The intention was that a position close to Sancourt, that had already been reconnoitred, should be taken up. It was found that the Hun was retreating so rapidly that this position was already out of range. A further move was made to Blécourt where the guns were brought into action in the village. It was the first time

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RAILROADS

DIVERS

L. A. Wheeler.

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that they had been in a village since leaving Lievin in March and it was a treat to the crews to strike comfortable quarters once again. Orders were given to move forward the following day to Esvars, and as Fritz was paying particular attention to the road, a wide detour had to be made. The village was shelled from time to time but no damage was done. A good bath and a hot water boiler in excellent condition were found and the boys had a much desired and much needed bath. This sent the morale away up and when a perfectly good piano was found in a nearby house it went a considerable distance higher. "Sparks" with his one string violin and a number of men with comb and paper instruments started a Jazz Band, which provided the troops with a good deal of amusement.

There was little firing done at this position outside of harassing fire, which kept one gun busy each night. Major Oland left to go on leave at this period and Capt. Bagnall came to the Battery as acting O.C. A move was made on the 14th to Thun Levesque. Capt. Bagnall left, and his place was taken by Capt. King. Those valuable additions to the Battery property namely the bath and the piano, were brought along. The 20th Battalion was stationed in the village at the time and their band gave a very lively concert.

The ill-feeling against the Orphan Fifth had now worn off and the Battery was gladly welcomed and entertained by the Battalion. When the 2nd Division arrived they were looked down on by the 1st. When the 3rd came to France they were considered as outcasts by the other senior divisions, and so on down the line. At last by dint of hard work the Fightin' Fifth had earned full recognition in the Corps.

A message came through here that there was to be no more firing till further orders. Dame Rumor—always on the job—had it that an Armistice had been declared. A sad disillusionment when the guns moved forward to Paillencourt and arrived just after the village had been severely straffed. There was no firing done here but the musicians were doing good service, and another concert was given. Another move was made the following day to Marquette. Fritz was travelling fast and the infantry could hardly keep in touch

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with him. On the 20th the guns were again moved forward to Roulx.

The appearance of the country had now undergone a change, for Heinie was going at such a rate that no artillery action was required. The villages were intact and the French civilians were still occupying their homes. The houses were decked with innumerable flags that had been cached away in the mattresses for four years, and the streets were lined with women, children and old men, cheering to the best of their ability. It is hard to say who were the most pleased, the inhabitants or the soldiers. The troops had been living in shell holes for months past, in devastated barren country, far from the sights of civilization, and the appearance of fresh green country, peopled by civilians, seemed to bring a new lease of life to all. Esquidain was reached the following day and everybody found a billet in a large chateau. The men coming back from leave reported that Corps H.Q. was still located in the shell holes near Inchy. For once in the duration of the war the Generals were compelled to endure a little hardship while the troops enjoyed the hospitality of a grand chateau. Such are the fortunes of war. The Battery followed in rear of a battalion as they were moving out the following morning. The band struck up the Marseillaise and the people came flocking out of the houses, wild with joy at hearing their beloved anthem once again. The boys were the recipients of some of this joy. The destination at Bellaing was reached that morning.

Heinie had been retreating rapidly during the preceding days, but had now reached Valenciennes and the Scheldt Canal and he stopped, evidently determined to make a strong resistance. An organized show would be required to blast him out. The guns in the Battery were put in action but they were supposed to be in reserve and no firing was done. The wagon lines were located in the same village and every one had a comparative rest until the 28th.

Certain new conditions had been met with during the fighting around Cambrai and during Fritz's subsequent rapid retreat. Orders were frequently received during the night to move forward immediately and take up a position that had not been previously reconnoitred and was only designated by a given map location. It was necessary to

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bring the guns forward, lay out lines of fire, and bring up a supply of ammunition in readiness for a barrage before dawn. All this had to be done in pitch darkness and in unknown country. In addition, a section was attached to a moving infantry battalion, with orders to follow them in close support wherever they went. It required an efficient unit to cope with such a situation and in no instance did the Battery fail in its allotted task. During the subsequent advance the roads were in a very bad condition as the result of mines being exploded beneath all the cross roads. The engineers and the willing civilians, men, women, and children, were kept working overtime to get these in condition fit for traffic. The transportation problems were very great at this period and it is certainly to the credit of the Canadian Corps that they were able to feed over forty thousand destitute French civilians, in spite of these difficulties. At one time the 1st Canadian Division alone was feeding over twenty thousand of these people, in addition to keeping their own troops supplied with full rations.

During the fighting around Cambrai the signallers probably had the severest trials that they were ever subjected to. It was of vital importance that good communications should be kept with the infantry at all times, and this was a very difficult matter, to say the least. It was often impossible to lay wires and all messages had to be sent by lamp, or in extreme cases the signallers had to act as runners. Theirs was a responsible and at times a very dangerous job and they carried out their duties efficiently, as they always had done.

Mention should be made here of the work of Sergt. Bird during the past month. He acted as Sergt.-Major at the guns from Bournon Woods until Bellaing was reached and his hard work and cheerful spirit were invaluable at a time when a number of the senior N.C.Os. were away on leave.

A few words of thanks and of appreciation of the services rendered by Capt. Fowler, M.O. of the 14th Brigade, would not come amiss at this time. The "Doc." has well earned his reputation as the most popular man in the Brigade. Always on the job and always in a pleasant humour, he appeared as if from nowhere whenever anyone was wounded or seriously ill, and no matter what happened, he was never

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too busy to attend to anyone, however small their injury or slight their ailment might be.

Capt. Gillespie, the popular Paymaster, left about this time and it was a bad day for the Brigade.

Capt. King left the 66th here, and Lieut. Culver took over the command.

Battle of Valenciennes

On the evening of the 28th the guns were moved forward again to a position at La Chalet, beside the Valenciennes-Denain Road. It was expected that a show was coming off the following day and everything was prepared in readiness. No orders came in for a barrage, however, and there was nothing done except harassing fire.

On the 30th an advance party was sent forward to prepare a position beside the sugar refinery at La Sentinelle. It did not appear a promising spot, for Fritz had direct observation from the Tower of Valenciennes and the party was shelled out just as the work had been completed. There were no casualties in the 66th, but the neighbouring heavy battery lost several men. Ammunition was brought up that night and the guns came in the following evening. The teams had just got away when the position was again severely strafed. Fortunately the sugar refinery was a strongly-built structure and the harassing fire sputtered harmlessly against the walls.

During the same day the lines at Bellaing were shelled, and the horses had to be got away in a hurry and moved to Wallers.

At this time the Colonel and most of his staff were taken down with the Flu, and Major Oland took over command of the Brigade, immediately on returning from leave.

Valenciennes, one of the principal cities and railroad centres of northern France, was to be the object of the next attack. It was one of Fritz's last strongholds and he meant to hold it at all costs. The whole attack was carried out by a number of divisions but the capture of the city itself was allotted to the 4th Canadian Division. The main attack came up parallel to and on the east bank of the Scheldt

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Canal. The 5th Division Artillery was located in La Sentinelle just across the canal from the city.

This was probably the only time during the war that the Canadian artillery had an opportunity of employing reverse fire. The line on the west side of the canal was far in advance of that on the other, and the barrage of the division was a peculiar one, for it finished with a shorter range than it began. Fritz was in a bad hole, for he was subjected to frontal, inflade, and reverse fire.

The 52nd Battery, in the 13th Brigade, muffled the wheels of an 18-pounder and during the night it was pulled by the crew into a wrecked house on the bank of the canal, which at this spot formed the only intervening space between the two armies. When the attack began the gun opened fire at point blank range, blowing a very troublesome machine-gun nest off the map.

The barrage opened at 5.15 a.m. on the morning of the 1st of November. As far as the Battery was concerned it was a peculiar and rather a difficult one. Fire was commenced at 26 degrees right of the zero line and when the last shot was fired the guns were pointing 25 degrees left of the zero line. To make this arc the guns had to be pulled around a little way after every few shots were fired. The firing was finished shortly after 7 a.m. Fritz came back strongly in the neighborhood and every gun in the 60th, which was immediately behind, was hit, but the 66th was not touched as all the shells went overhead.

The attack was a great success, though Fritz was not completely chased out of the city that day. Great fires were raging in different sections and it was feared that another of France's fine cities was doomed. Happily subsequent events proved that these were only huge munition dumps, set on fire by the evacuating Hun, and the conflagration did not spread to any great extent. Mount Huoy way over on the right, and the intervening country, were lit up at dusk by numerous gun flashes and shell bursts. It soon became evident that a great counter attack was in progress. The fire worked up in intensity to a high pitch and then gradually it died out. The Hun had failed.

The following day there was no firing done, but the news was received that Fritz had been chased beyond Valenciennes.

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Capt. Bagnall, the O.C. of the 58th Battery, was one of the first allied soldiers to reach the market square in the city, and he is the officer mentioned in the official despatches as hauling down the Hun flag from the Hotel de Ville. He did not exactly haul it down, for it was stuck up firmly and he and his signallers sawed through the flagpole, and thus came into possession of this interesting souvenir, which now has an honored place in the official collection of Canadian war souvenirs.

The limbers and wagons came up at noon on the 3rd, and the Battery moved forward into Anzin, which skirts the Scheldt Canal opposite the centre of Valenciennes. The town was badly wrecked, for, though there had been fighting in this vicinity for only a few days, nearly every house was partially demolished. Patrols of the 8th Infantry Brigade were out some distance ahead and they reported that Fritz was still on the run and not wasting any time about it. The guns were run up a side street and horse lines put up. Orders were to remain stationary for the time being and everybody found a good billet in the abandoned houses of the neighborhood and settled down for a good night's rest. It was not to be: at about 4 a.m. everybody was routed out and the guns started forward. The O.C., Mr Culver, and his signallers, went ahead to reconnoitre a position and they were among the first mounted men to ride through the city of Valenciennes after its capture by the infantry. The Battery came on not far behind the advance party. The road led across the canal, on a bridge constructed by the engineers, and up through the city to the outskirts at St Saulve. The inhabitants who had remained in the city were still hugging their cellars and but a few curious ones were on the street.

The guns were being put in position when an enemy plane flew low and directly overhead; taking a good look, it turned and made for its own lines. Before all the ammunition was in, shells began to drop on the position and beside the road where the teams were standing. The splinters were flying in every direction so the order was given to unhook, for it was a blind alley and the wagons could not be turned on account of the width of the road. In about two seconds the horses were galloping away for safety. They were none

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too soon, for in a few minutes they would have been badly cut up, and as it was, one horse was killed and another wounded. The shelling finally stopped and the ammunition was dropped at the guns. Firing started up again later on but it ceased before the usual morning shoot came off.

The wagon lines were moved up during the afternoon to the courtyard of a large convent on the eastern outskirts of Valenciennes. The city was already celebrating its deliverance, for the streets were decorated with numerous French, Belgian and British flags, and the shops selling lace, the famous product of this city, were busy supplying the demands of the soldiers for souvenirs. The Prince of Wales was held up at the canal by the convoy of wagons crossing the narrow bridge. Royalty does not get precedence during active operations. The Prince had the inevitable pipe in his mouth and appeared to be an interested spectator of what was going on in the neighborhood.

A shoot was put over on the morning of the 5th at a very long range, and the guns looked more like Archies than 18-pounders. Another move was made to Onnaing shortly after breakfast and a barrage was fired from this place during the following morning.

The last two rounds of this shoot were fired by a French civilian. This is rather an interesting fact, for it turned out that these were the last rounds fired by the 66th during the war. The last round: a Frenchman fired a Canadian shell from an English gun on the soil of France at a party of Germans in Belgium making their way for Prussia as fast as their legs would carry them. A fitting end to this international mix-up.

That night, the 6th, the guns were again moved forward to Quaroubles. It was a bad night for those bringing up the ammunition, for they had to make two trips and it was a black rainy night and impossible to see a yard in front. All the artillery in the Canadian Corps appeared to be trying to move forward by the one road at the same time. The roads were a mass of mine craters and teams were continually getting stuck in mud up to the hubs. No sooner would one tangle of traffic be straightened out than some more guns and wagons would become involved in another mix-up and it appeared as if the job would never be accomplished. By

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dint of much cursing and swearing, the work was finally finished and the guns were ready for another shoot.

They did not fire, for when the appointed time came, Heinie was already out of range ; instead of moving forward, the guns were taken back to Valenciennes. The Division was to have that long promised rest that had been so rudely interrupted before. Again it proved to be a 5th Division one, for two days later, on the 9th, the Battery was on the move forward. The morale at this time was very high, as the result of armistice rumors, and it took more than an order like this to shake it.

The route led up the identical Mons Road where the great retreat had taken place over four years before. There was an endless stream of army traffic going up the road and a greater stream of refugees pouring down. These poor people were returning to their homes, such as they were, from which they had been chased at some time during the past four years. Women and children were pushing wheel barrows ; men and oxen, side by side, were hauling heavy farm wagons laden with the household goods ; old and wrinkled women were staggering along beneath clumsy bundles balanced on their heads. On they went, in an endless, multi-coloured, pathetic stream.

The Belgian frontier was crossed at Quievrain and the Battery, prepared to go into action, was pulled into a field on the outskirts of the town. It was found that the Hun was moving so fast that he was now far out of range, and, not being required, the Battery was ordered into reserve and it stayed in the village over night. During the afternoon of the 10th, another move was made to Thulin.

It was at Thulin that the official despatch arrived containing the news of the award of the D.S.O. to Lieut.-Col. Ogilvie, C.O. of the 14th Brigade. The pleasure with which this announcement was received by all ranks bears ample testimony to the high regard in which the Colonel is held by those who serve in his command. A strict disciplinarian and an able soldier, he spared neither himself nor others where efficiency was concerned, yet withal he cloaked a deal of bluff heartiness and kindly good humor beneath an outward appearance of austerity and sternness.

There was a sound of firing at no great distance away

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during the early morning hours of November 11th. This was explained when at 10.45 a.m. the last official British war *communiqué* was flashed over the wire.

“Shortly before dawn to-day Canadian troops of the 1st Army captured Mons.”

So by the Grace of God the last battle of the war took place on this hallowed spot in British memory where the Old Contemptibles had made their entrance into this great world conflict over four long years before.



BATTERY OFFICERS AND "B SUB." GUN, THE FIRST BRITISH FIELD GUN TO CROSS THE RHINE

Standing—Lieut. G. W. Culver. Lieut. H. E. Bates. Hon. Major D. Macpherson. Major S. C. Oland. Lieut. G. C. Welsford. Lieut. B. F. Gossage, M.C. Capt. T. H. Kitchen. *Seated*—Lieut. R. C. MacKenzie. Lieut. L. S. Peck. Lieut. R. L. Simpson. *Inset*—Major C. S. Riley

Part V

The March to the Rhine

"HOSTILITIES will cease at eleven hours on the 11th inst. Precautionary and defensive measures will be maintained, present positions held and reported to Corps Headquarters. No interchange of communication with the enemy. Further orders follow later." Thus ran the official intimation that the last fight had been fought and the last battle won. The news was received quietly and without demonstration; although early reports had inspired a feeling that the war was at an end, the actual reality of it appeared incredible at the moment, and the routine of the day was carried on as usual though perhaps more time was spent in debate than work.

The next day, as if awakening to the true realization of the situation, the Battery was granted a half-holiday which was spent for the most part in discussions of Peace, the underlying thought in every mind being that of home, and the thankfulness that it was at last within sight.

With the new dawn came rumors that the 5th Division of Artillery would follow the withdrawing German Army to the Rhine. The following morning Gen. Dodds, C.R.A., 5th Division Artillery, conducted an informal inspection, and expressed himself as being highly satisfied with the general condition of the Battery, taking into consideration what it had been through. This was his last inspection prior to his departure for Canada. The same day the 14th Brigade was attached to the 1st Canadian Division and orders were received that the march to the Rhine would probably commence on November 17th.

Before outlining the march, it might be well to state (as a glance at the map facing page 128 will show) that the route

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covered by the 1st Division and 14th Artillery Brigade was a somewhat roundabout one, and was without doubt the longest and hardest covered by any division. Nevertheless, the 1st Division and 14th Brigade were able to take the route, despite adverse weather conditions, and the necessity during the latter part of the journey of making forced marches, and to arrive at the Rhine in time for the official crossing, which was generally recognized as a remarkable performance. Meanwhile, orders were received to proceed with the cleaning and polishing of guns and equipment. As the march would undoubtedly create quite an impression amongst the Belgian and German populations, it was desired that all units should appear spick-and-span. This entailed endless labor, and in the remaining days before the Battery set out every possible moment was utilized in removing the mud of war. But as far as labor was concerned the real troubles had only commenced, for it was necessary to maintain the same standard throughout the march, and as the route lay mostly over second-class roads, the problem of keeping things ship-shape bade fair to be an enormous one. The difficulty was foreseen and immediately the word "March" became a somewhat unpopular one. The opinion of a few optimists, that seeing Belgium, and the actuality of entering enemy territory, would in a measure compensate for the hardships and fatigue to be endured, appeared as a silver lining behind the dark cloud. On Sunday everything was in readiness for the historic march which terminated in the crossing of the Rhine, a feat that the Germans had boasted would never be accomplished by an enemy force.

Reveille being at midnight on November 17th, no one turned in but spent the evening packing kit and making the necessary preparations for getting the Battery ready for the road. The moon shone brilliantly and the air was cold, so that when the Battery moved off at 3.20 a.m., the vehicles glistened with frost. The route lay through the village of Thulin, along the Valenciennes-Mons Road, with Cambron St Vincent as the day's objective. Already difficulties in travelling had begun to appear. At Thulin mines had been blown at the cross-roads by the retreating Hun, so that nothing remained but roads leading from four different

The March to the Rhine

directions into an immense chasm which had to be circumvented.

The Column moved in brigade formation, immediately in rear of the 3rd Brigade Infantry, to which it was attached. Let it be understood then, that in relating accounts of movements of the Battery, these movements necessarily affect the whole of the Artillery Brigade in some manner, but in all cases the narrative will express the view-point of the Battery.

Once on the Mons Road the travelling was good. The gunners were walking to keep warm, frequently replacing the drivers on their teams. Often enough teams were riderless and the horses were led by their benumbed drivers, for it was impossible to remain mounted for any length of time.

Skirting the town of Mons, the Battery turned north of Jemappe and was there reviewed by the Group Commander. Later, the lone sandwich which had been provided as a substitute for dinner was consumed, while a mixture of snow and sleet added greatly to the discomfort of the tired and hungry men.

Passing along the country side through scattered villages, beflagged and decorated in honor of their liberators, Cambrom St Vincent was finally reached about 1 p.m., where the Battery was enthusiastically welcomed by the inhabitants. Guns were parked and horses stabled, and as the march was to be continued shortly, nothing remained but to rid the horses, harness, guns and equipment, of the inevitable mud of the first day's journey. In spite of the bitter cold and intermittent snowfalls the task was completed by dusk and a good meal was the reward of the day's work. Billets were found in the houses for the men and hospitality and respect for them was everywhere evidenced, they being practically the first British troops seen there since the memorable retreat from Mons.

Happily there was no move the next day, for the men and horses needed a rest after the strenuous work of the previous day.

On Thursday morning at 4.30 the journey was resumed, an enthusiastic welcome being given wherever the Battery made a halt. Triumphal decorations were everywhere evident. Practically every village boasted of an evergreen

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arch bearing numerous inscriptions of welcome, the most common of which were *Bienvenu aux Allies* and *Honneur au Canada*. Every lone farmhouse exhibited some attempt at ornamentation. Here and there an effigy of the Kaiser hung by the neck from a bough astride the road. Homemade flags and festooning loomed large in the display, often exhibiting amusing conceptions of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes.

It had been a long and fatiguing march without much rest or food, but when Braine-Le-Comte was reached in the early afternoon a cold lunch was given the men and the inevitable cleaning of harness and washing of wagons again commenced. When this had been completed, the men were allotted billets and permitted to go on a tour of investigation. The town appeared prosperous in spite of its long occupation and being the first one of any importance that they had passed through, the displays in shop windows proved a sort of magic lure, especially where edibles were exhibited. Food seemed plentiful though prices were high. Each afternoon Canadian Bands rendered selections from the *Kiosque* in the public square to an appreciative audience of townsfolk who greeted the playing of the national airs of the Allies with great applause. In their billets the men were provided with beds and were well looked after and entertained. Many an hour was passed listening to the tales of their hosts: weird tales of the terrors of Hun administration and savagery eclipsing any preconceived idea of what enemy occupation had meant to Belgium and her people. Many of them had been witnesses to the brutal and inhumane treatment meted out to British prisoners of war, a large number of whom had been employed at the railway station and on other work about the town. The mention of the word Boche openly aroused feelings of disgust and hatred.

At this stage great difficulty was experienced in the transport of rations, the railways which had been destroyed by the enemy were still useless, and until they could be put into commission again motor lorries provided the only means of transport. Ration dumps were made well ahead of the main column of troops, and from these the Divisional Train wagons brought the rations for men and horses to the various

The March to the Rhine

units. Here the Battery found it necessary to send out two of its wagons to assist the Divisional Train, as there was an extremely difficult piece of road to traverse. The wagons left early in the afternoon and did not return until long past the breakfast hour next day. Both had become mired on a long hill and even with four horses in draught it was found impossible to make any headway. The lead team of one wagon was unhooked and transferred to the other and eventually both were brought to the top of the hill in this way. This is only one instance of the difficulties which had to be overcome.

On Sunday morning the Battery moved off, with a twenty-five kilometre march ahead, and the scanty breakfast of an hour before only a memory. On the road lorry-loads of British prisoners passed on their way back home. They had been turned loose by the Germans in evacuating the country to shift for themselves, and were daily being collected as the line moved farther east. They appeared thin and wretched and garbed in all manner of clothes.

When Nivelle was reached about noon the town was *en fête*, celebrating its deliverance. Outside Nivelle the Battery passed through miles of level country used by the Germans for aerodromes. A great number of machines could be seen still in and about the hangars, and here and there the charred remains of a machine or two suggested that the Boche was endeavoring to guard the secret of his latest type of plane. Along the road great parks of guns, wagons, and other spoils were assembled. Broken lorries, wagons and automobiles lined the road, and the carcasses of horses which had dropped from sheer exhaustion and perhaps hunger, suggested a hurried flight. Not only had these horses done their utmost while they breathed, but after death they were stripped of their meat to satisfy the hunger of some Hun.

The country became more rolling, but travelling was good and the journey ended about dusk when Loupigne was reached. Both men and horses had suffered from the absence of food during the day and it was well into the night before rations arrived. When a meal was served, though it consisted of bully, hard tack and tea, it was consumed as readily as the choicest fare. Here the billets were in what had once been a large chateau, formerly used as barracks by the

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Germans, and now bare of furniture and drapery, nothing but a refuge to defy the elements. The supply of cigarettes began to get low. Usually they could be obtained from a canteen, or a parcel in the mail would disclose a few packages, but now there were none to be had. Cigarette papers were invaluable. With these and some shag or a plug of tobacco smokes were made which under ordinary conditions would never have been touched, thus proving that necessity knows no law. Even these were better than the German cigarettes which could be purchased in the towns.

From Loupoigne to Villers-La-Ville, past the historic battleground of Waterloo, and Quatre-Bras where Wellington established his headquarters before the battle, was an easy march. Villers is the site of the massive ruins of the Abbé Villers, a monastery built in the year 1100 and destroyed in the Napoleonic wars. A large Canadian mail and the issue of a clean suit of underwear, together with the news that no move was to be made next day, considerably raised the dampened spirits of everyone. The mail and change of clothes at least were things which had not been very frequent.

The longest day's march was done on November 27th, when the Battery travelled from Villers-La-Ville to Gelbresse, completing fifty kilometres. The reveille sounded at 3.30 a.m., and it was still dark when the column moved off, traversing the Ardennes forest with its innumerable hills and valleys and dense growth of firs. The roads were heavy with mud and no signs of human habitation were visible. Long halts had to be made at the foot of some of the worst of the hills so as to allow the leading vehicles to gain the crest one by one. Teams were frequently exchanged to assist those which were unable to make the ascent. Finally this country was passed, opening out again into the wonderfully fertile soil of Belgium. Gembloux was reached and a halt made on the main road beside a convent. The Sisters of Mercy came out and pinned the Belgian colours on the coat lapels of the men. Young ladies distributed souvenir coins and buttons bearing the impression of King Albert. These Sisters of Mercy appreciated all that the entry of the Allied troops meant. Five hundred German soldiers had been quartered in the basement of the convent. They had

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left there six days before the arrival of the Canadians, and in spite of the labor expended, it had been impossible, up to that time, to rid the place of the refuse and filth in which they had lived.

From here the Battery passed along the Brussels-Namur Road for a short distance then turned north, zigzagging along country roads to Gelbresse which was reached late that night. The long march reflected credit on the horses and men who had existed on half rations for the last few days. The halt had been made in a valley and the next day's move consisted of bringing the Battery to the top of the steep hill to Franc-Waret, a mile distant, to facilitate the long march to the Meuse. From Franc-Waret the destination was Andennes, but unluckily a mistake occurred and the order which was issued, instructing the Battery not to move that day, was not received. The troops ahead, on account of not having received any rations, were unable to move, so the Battery's billeting area had not been vacated. This was discovered by the Battery leader after having gone a considerable distance, and considering it inadvisable to retrace his steps, billeting parties were sent out to find suitable quarters for the night, which necessitated a delay *en route*. A two-hour halt had to be made on a country road to await orders, during which the men endeavored to satisfy their hunger by eating raw turnips and beets from the nearby fields. A farmhouse beside the road was besieged by soldiers wishing to buy bread. Finally the *Madame* of the farm came out with a huge loaf of bread in one hand and a knife in the other and began to distribute the much-coveted article free of charge. She worked like a Trojan carving up those large Belgian loaves which look more like big round cushions than bread, and not until every man had had a slice did she stop. That slice of bread came as a life-saver at a time when dinner should have been served, but there was none to serve.

Orders came, and the column moved off, and by some stroke of good fortune met the Divisional Train wagons with rations on the road in the afternoon. A halt was made in a field where the horses were watered and fed and the men were provided with half a slice of bread and jam and some tea. A long queue extended to the corner of the field

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being used by the cooks, where by way of dessert a hard tack biscuit was given to each man, and some found it necessary to get into the line-up a second time in order to appease their hunger. One is indeed in dire straits when one finds it necessary to stand in a queue for several minutes waiting for a solitary "jaw-breaker." Immediately after the Battery was again on the road, the billeting parties having reported suitable accommodation at Seilles, which was reached late that night.

On Saturday, November 30th, the Meuse was crossed, the Battery halting at Andennes near the eastern limits of the town, where it should have arrived the previous day. From Seilles the goal could be seen across the river. The weather had turned warm and sunny after so much rain and cold. The Battery moved off early in the forenoon, winding down the slope and finally passing over the famous river to its destination. A train-load of prisoners of war about to be repatriated passed along and they gave a hearty cheer and shouts of "Be good to Fritz."

The next day the weather was still fine. The Meuse sped by, its ripples sparkling in the sun, and numerous small craft riding the current at their moorings. A barge laden with German Army stores lay close to the shore, and the salvaging instinct, strong within the soldier, sent some of them aboard to hunt for souvenirs. Some souvenirs were found, and a closer examination of the hold disclosed cases of wine, champagne, and mineral waters which were soon disposed of. There was also a goodly supply of blankets, clothing and hospital cots. The news soon spread to the civilians who took up the search and in a short while piles of blankets, clothing and cots littered the bank, and until dark they carried these away on their backs in wheel-barrows and in every conceivable conveyance.

The march next day through the Meuse Valley revealed many beautiful and interesting sights. The cobbled road ran beside the river. On one side steep rugged banks towered above, reaching up to join the fir-covered mountains clad in the gold of the morning sunlight. Out across the river the landscape presented a study in light and shadow. Sloping gradually up from the river bank the grassy hills melted away into the grey blue of the early morning sky.

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At every curve in the road a new picture was presented and each as beautiful as the last. The pure air breathed an atmosphere of quiet and contentment, and the little world in the valley seemed satisfied to be hemmed in by the beauty of nature. Farther along, the hills rising from the river became steeper and the thick growth of firs gave place to masses of grey rock, the cliffs sometimes overhanging the road, the whole mountain range resembling a vast fortress. The opposite bank remained unchanged, a tilted patchwork of green, dotted here and there with the red-roofed houses of the peasants. On the river small ferry boats scampered to and fro and occasionally a barge was seen with an enormous sail up, being pulled by a woman walking along the bank, or perhaps some man, who thought more of his wife than the average Belgian peasant, would tow the barge himself while the woman directed its course. The progress made in this way was so slow that the barge appeared motionless.

At length the town of Huy came in sight, and its old fort built of grey stone on the heights of the left bank of the river stood out in bold relief against the bright sky. The road turned away from the valley through this busy little town, and on its outskirts the column came to a halt in order to rest the men and horses. The cigarette famine was still at its height, but once again the Padre, Capt. Latimer, came to the rescue with a supply which he procured from the Y.M.C.A., and Major MacPherson, the R.C. Chaplain, also rendered valuable service by securing a supply of Belgian bread to keep the wolf from the door when the supply of rations was at its lowest ebb.

Getting out of the valley necessitated long uphill climbs which lasted until Borsu was reached, where a halt was made for the night. The trip to Hermanne the next day was made through undeniably hilly country and in a very wet and cold atmosphere, as was also the journey from Hermanne to Forges, near Chevron, when the steep hills and muddy roads taxed the strength of the overworked horses.

The sun was bright and the air was cold when the Battery set out from Forges but the roads were muddy from the rain of the previous days, and anything about the trip which might have been enjoyable was spoilt by the thoughts of having once again to clean the mud off the vehicles.

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Except for one or two steep hills the country was for the most part rolling. *En route*, the Battery was reviewed by the Brigadier Commanding the 3rd Brigade who complimented Mr Culver in emphatic terms on the appearance and turnout and specially requested that his message be conveyed to the men. A halt had been made for the night at Brux beside Lierneux, and on the morning of December 7th the Battery resumed its journey eastward and at noon reached the small border town of Vielsalm, where a post with black and white stripes running diagonally around it marks the frontier. The country was flat and no human habitation could be seen. Eventually, here and there at long intervals a farm house was passed. It was evident that the district was a farming one, but no large areas were under cultivation, and the whole place seemed deserted. Not a human being was visible either within or without the houses which were passed until the town of Recht was reached. Here a few people moved about the streets with sullen faces, not so much as showing curiosity, in fact they appeared oblivious to all that was going on. A number of men strolled about wearing the Prussian uniform. They had deserted when their regiments had passed the vicinity. The first impressions of the country were none too favorable and the language proved a somewhat distracting affair. Here, for the first and last time, German bread was tried. No one ate it, for it was soggy and sour and almost black, and entirely unpalatable to the normal taste. Nevertheless these people who had lived on it during all the years of war seemed to thrive on it.

The next day the journey was continued to Krinkelt. The route was mostly hilly with an abundance of fir trees scattered over the hills, and the destination was reached after a fairly easy trip. When the journey was resumed again the travel was through much the same sparsely settled country. The vegetation was green with the frequent rainfalls, and the villages were far apart. At night-fall the guns and vehicles were parked at Wildenburgh, a village in name only. One house and the wood-working plant operated by power from a small stream, comprised the town. Billeting the Battery there was an impossibility, so the guard was quartered in the one house of which the town boasted

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and the men and horses had to be provided for in the neighboring town of Oberschumbach which stood on a hill of considerable altitude some six kilos away, necessitating a steady up-grade climb all the way, some parts of the road being exceptionally steep. Little wonder then that the men and horses were fatigued at the finish of the journey. At that stage of the march the Battery was passing through the worst billeting area encountered during the journey, as that part of the country was particularly hilly and sparsely settled. However, the billets at Oberschumbach were a vast improvement on anything that had yet been provided since crossing the border. The houses were better built and cleaner and the people were inclined to be friendly. In a number of cases the men arriving there were provided with a good fire and a hot meal.

Up to this point, the travel had been through mountainous country, but from here began the descent to the Rhinelands, the next halt being made at Commern, about twenty-five kilos distant. This was the largest town passed through since entering Germany. Here Mr Gossage rejoined the Battery, assuming his old duties as Right Section Commander after having spent several weeks on the staff of the 14th Brigade Headquarters, where he fell a victim to influenza and was sent to a Base Hospital.

The trip from Commern to Weilerswist was made over good roads and in good weather. The Battery received a message from Brigade Headquarters, relative to General Macdonnell's inspection of the previous day, which stated that in his opinion the 14th Brigade was the smartest turned out in the Canadian Corps. General Tuxford, who inspected the column on the march, specially complimented the 66th Battery. On this date also orders were received to the effect that the 66th Battery would lead the column of march across the Rhine.

The march from Weilerswist to Marienburg (a suburb of Cologne) was made in torrents of rain, the whole Brigade arriving there shortly after noon and occupying the German Artillery Barracks. Guards were posted, and after dinner the cleaning and polishing for the march through Cologne and the crossing of the Rhine next day was carried out, although there had been no visible diminution in the intensity

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of the rain. The barracks proved to be very comfortable and well appointed, and their ample baths proved a great attraction after the length of time during which no such luxury had been available. At night the lights of Cologne threw a glare into the sky, contrasting strongly with the darkness which had enveloped the cities of Europe while hostilities lasted. The arrival of a large quantity of Christmas mail contributed also in no small degree to the high spirits of every one.

On Friday, the 13th of December, in the pouring rain, the Rhine was crossed. The 14th Battalion, Royal Montreal Regiment, and the 66th Battery formed the advance guard and led the march. Starting from the barracks the Battery met the infantry *en route* as they marched to the air of their regimental music, the rows of shining steel gleaming above their heads, and proceeded to the Hangebruck Bridge. The route was guarded by Canadian sentries with fixed bayonets as was also the approach to the bridge. No great crowds witnessed the crossing. The people were naturally curious, but endeavored to conceal their curiosity behind a veil of disinterestedness. The exact time of the crossing was 9.15 a.m., and when the 66th Battery reached the farther bank of the Rhine it was the first Battery in the British Army to make the crossing. On the farther side, the reviewing officers, Generals Macdonnell and Thacker, who were later joined by General Plumer, commanding the Second Army, stood surrounded by a guard of Canadian cavalry with drawn swords, and took the salute. The intensity of the rain had not diminished during the day, and when the Battery halted at Rosrath, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and disgust all hands busied themselves with the problem of getting their soaked clothing dried out. Starting from Rosrath, again in the rain, the Battery proceeded to Immekeppel, to which place it had been detailed in support of the 15th Highlanders of Canada, who were on outpost duty a few kilometres ahead. During the last seven days of the journey the Battery had travelled an average of twenty-five kilometres a day in bad weather and on decidedly small rations, and great satisfaction was expressed when the final destination was reached, and the men and horses could get a much-needed rest.

Immekeppel is approximately eighteen miles east of



PREPARING A MID-DAY MEAL ON THE MARCH



DECORATIONS TYPICAL OF THE BELGIAN VILLAGES EN ROUTE

The March to the Rhine

Cologne bridgehead and is one of the most advanced artillery posts east of the Rhine. The village is situated in a valley in the vicinity of the Konigsforst, the ex-Kaiser's one-time hunting grounds. The wild country about afforded many picturesque landscapes but had little else to commend itself. Houses were few and far between, and the stillness and dormancy of the place imbued one with a feeling of isolation. Comfortable billets were found and the people showed great hospitality. The men began to get a real rest, the cleaning of vehicles and care of the horses being their only duties. After the first few days the rations greatly improved, as the railways were then in commission, the supply base being Cologne. On the 19th of December the following letter was received from General Dodds, C.R.A., 5th Division :—

58th Battery, C.F.A.

14th Brigade, C.F.A.

60th " "

19th December, 1918

61st " "

66th " "

2nd Section, D.A.C.

"The following is a copy of a letter received from C.R.A., 5th Canadian Division. Will you please have the contents communicated to all ranks in your unit :—

'I have heard from General Macdonnell, G.O.C. 1st Canadian Division, and from General Morrison, G.O.C.R.A., of the excellent showing made by the 14th Brigade, C.F.A., on its march to the Rhine.

'I can assure you that it was most gratifying to me to have such a splendid report on the appearance of the batteries under your command, and the greatest credit is due to all ranks for their untiring efforts to keep the horses and harness, guns and vehicles, in the best possible shape under most trying conditions.

'I wish to congratulate you and your officers, and especially the men to whom great credit is due.

'I feel very proud of your record.

Yours sincerely,

W. O. H. DODDS, *Brig.-General,*
C.R.A., 5th Canadian Division.'

(Signed) W. H. ABBOTT, *Capt.,*
Adjutant, 14th Brigade, C.F.A."

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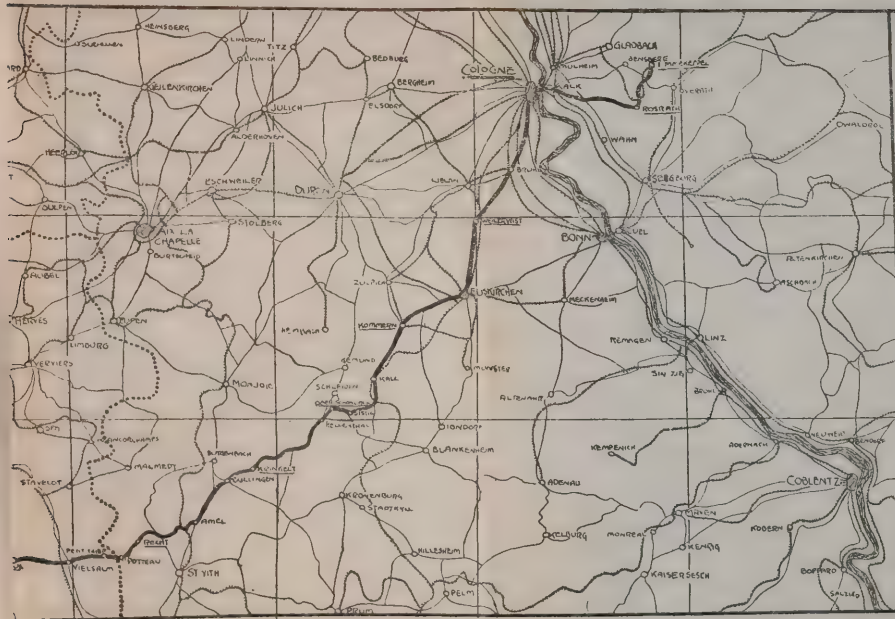
Expectations of mail were soon realized as Christmas drew near, and the mail which could not be delivered on the march was received in large quantities, after which it mattered not whether rations were scarce or whether they came not at all, for everyone was provided with a supply of edibles and Christmas delicacies. As the day of festivities approached it was decided to hold a dinner, but the difficulty in procuring supplies suitable for the occasion began to cloud the fairly bright horizon of the men's hopes. However, parties were sent out into the surrounding country to buy up the available fowls, and, after a few days, were successful in securing enough chickens and ducks to supply the needs. A pig was also obtained and with all these and other supplies procured from Cologne the success of the celebration from the standpoint of the menu was a foregone conclusion. Christmas dawned cold and snowy, and towards evening everything lay beneath a white mantle. The utmost was done to allow the men to enjoy themselves as much as possible. The local hotel at Obersteeg was hired and suitably decorated. Guards and picquets were relieved by sergeants so as to allow the men to attend the dinner, and other sergeants acted as waiters. After the meal, a concert was given with the assistance of a few talented entertainers from the 14th Battalion who contributed to the merriment of the evening, which altogether proved enjoyable beyond expectations.

Captain Kitchen, who had been wounded, and had spent some time in hospital in England, returned to the Battery in time to participate in the celebrations of a Christmas spent in Hunland.

The next two days elapsed without any incidents of importance, and on the 28th of December its tour of outpost duty being over, the Battery pulled out for Cologne-Vingst. As on numerous other occasions, this journey was made in pouring rain. At noon a halt was made on the road and iron rations served. The men sought shelter from the rain beneath trees, and in the shadow of the eaves of the few houses about so as to be able to eat in some degree of comfort.

When Vingst was reached in the afternoon the guns were parked, horses stabled and fed, and the men were quartered for the night in a concert hall which had been fitted with bunks and had been used by the German army, and once





MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE BATTERY DURING THE MARCH TO THE RHINE

TOWNS UNDERLINED INDICATE
OVERNIGHT STOPPING PLACES

ROADS
RAILWAYS
RIVERS
ROUTE
FORTS
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARIES



SCALE, TWENTY MILE SQUARES

L. WHEELER

The March to the Rhine

more set to work to dry their dripping belongings. The next day billets were provided in the houses about the town as a protracted stay was expected.

On that day Major Oland returned to the Battery after having been for two months in command of the Brigade.

At Vingst the attitude of the civilians was amazing to the extreme. They could not understand that Germany's armies had been beaten in the field, but attributed their defeat to lack of food in the country. They expressed a devotion to the Kaiser, but Hindenburg and Ludendorf were *Nix Goot*, presumably because they considered them responsible for losing the war. The ignominious surrender of their fleet had no effect upon them, but they took it in the same unconcerned way as the Frenchman takes his hardships which he expresses by the saying *C'est la guerre*. The men tolerated all this to a certain extent, partly to avoid ruptures, but mainly because their command of the language would not permit of any lengthy controversy. The following incident illustrates how the boys conducted themselves like gentlemen amongst the Germans. One of the Subsections was having a small banquet at Christmas time, and with the assistance of a German and his wife were able to make it a success. By the kindness of their former adversaries a room was rented and their dishes lent, and they did all the cooking necessary. One of the toasts was *Der Tag*. When the time came to propose it, as the German and his wife were in the room clearing away the dishes, it was suggested that the English translation be used, as it was not desired to hurt their feelings after all their kindness.

The stay at Vingst was of three weeks' duration, and for the first week the city of Cologne, which was about three kilometres away and could be reached by electric trams, was out of bounds, but later the ban was removed, and everybody had an opportunity of visiting the city and its many attractions. The scarcity of food was not so pronounced in the city as in the suburbs and in the country, where it was obvious that the people were living from hand to mouth, potatoes forming the chief article of their diet. Outside the mess-room and around the kitchen, children scrambled for scraps off the men's plates, while bully-beef and scraps of bread were received thankfully in any of the homes.

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They had a great passion for chocolate, and the constant begging for this and cigarettes became exasperatingly monotonous.

The fine baths known as the *Kaiser Wilhelm Bad*, were at the disposal of the troops where the swimming pool proved a great attraction and was well patronised.

During the stay at Vingst, General Dodds, formerly C.R.A. 5th C.D.A., left for Canada, and on his departure sent the following message :—

“On my departure for Canada, I wish to express to all ranks of the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery, my great appreciation of their splendid record since their arrival in England in September 1916, and more especially their gallant work in France during the past fifteen months.

“I will always remember with pride the battles of Amiens and Arras, in which the 5th played a most important part.

“I will endeavor to visit the Batteries on their return to Canada and will then have an opportunity to thank the officers and men for their loyal support at all times.

(Sgd.) W. O. H. DODDS,

Brig.-General,

C.R.A., 5th Canadian Division.”

15.1.19.

On January 17th Mr Culver left for Canada, and on the afternoon of this date the Battery set out for Wahn, about twelve kilometres distant, where it entrained. Horses, guns and wagons were all loaded on the train, and at 7.15 p.m. the Rhine was crossed on the return journey. The lights of the cities and towns reflected on the water, as the wheels rattled their song along the rails, speeding their cargo back to Belgium, and incidentally inspiring fond visions of an early return home. The next morning the Battery arrived at Huy, where it detrained. It then proceeded to Hanret where a halt was made over night, and Autre Eglise, the final destination, was reached the following morning. Here the Battery seemed destined to remain until the time arrived for its demobilisation. The arrival of Canadians in the village was nothing new, because Canadian infantry had stayed there a few weeks previous. They left a good impression with the inhabitants, who, considering it an honor

The March to the Rhine

to have soldiers, were only too glad to take the artillerymen into their homes and make them as comfortable as possible.

Being only a small village it did not offer much in the way of amusement, so it remained for the unit to provide its own recreation. During the months of January and February and part of March the weather was cold and disagreeable and not much could be done outdoors in the line of athletics, so Bridge and Five Hundred tournaments were held, prizes being given to the winners, thus helping to tide over the unpleasant weather. Classes in various subjects were inaugurated, thereby enabling those wishing to do so to carry on in their particular line. Dances were held at intervals in the village hall and were thoroughly enjoyed by the participants, especially the *Mademoiselles* who discarded their *sabots*, and donned suitable footwear for the occasion. Up to January 20th, the 14th Brigade had been attached to the 1st Division and cherished fond hopes of returning to Canada with it after having made the march to the Rhine and back under their command, but the 5th Division was brought together again as a unit and attached to the 4th Division for demobilisation, and this caused a considerable slump in a fairly high *morale*.

About this time, word was received to the effect that Battery Sergt.-Major Waterhouse had been mentioned in despatches.

On the 14th Brigade being separated from the 1st Division, General Macdonnell addressed the following message to the Commanding Officer :—

“ Upon the 14th Brigade C.F.A. reverting to your command, I wish to express to you my high appreciation of the splendid manner in which they have conducted themselves since being attached to this Division, and more particularly during the strenuous march to the Rhine.

“ Their behavior has been at all times beyond reproach, and in wishing them Godspeed and a speedy return to Canada, I venture to hope they will bear with them pleasant recollections of the brief time spent with this Division.

(Sgd.) A. C. MACDONNELL,

Major-General, 1st Canadian Division.”

The privilege of three days' leave for the purpose of

The 66th C.F.A.

visiting Brussels, Antwerp, Liege and Namur, was extended to the men who availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting these historic cities of Belgium. About the middle of March the weather became warmer and outdoor games began to take a prominent place. The men were free in the afternoons and great enthusiasm was shown in the playing of football and indoor baseball. Schedules were drawn up for these games with the other units of the Brigade, and the indoor baseball team, representing the Battery, defeated all opponents.

One sad incident occurred during the sojourn in Autre Eglise which evoked profound regret. This was the death of Gunner A. T. Dickson, popularly known as "Baldy," who fell a victim to influenza, which developed into pneumonia, to which he succumbed in hospital at Namur.

"Baldy" was not an original member of the Battery, but came to it from an infantry battalion at Witley. His good nature and cheery disposition made him a friend of all the men and his demise was made doubly sad by the fact of his having accomplished his work, which he did well, and having been on the eve of his return to England to be married.

During the interim pending demobilisation, the Battery was visited by lecturers from Canada, and entertainers. Interest began to diminish in almost everything but sports, all minds being centred on the thought of returning home. Sixty horses were sent to the Battery from the Canadian Cavalry to be taken care of for ten days, entailing a lot of work. Needless to say, no hearts were broken when they were handed over at Brussels to the Belgian Government. Towards the middle of March the greater part of the Battery horses were shipped by train to Malines. Many an inward pang may have been felt at parting by the driver whose horses had worked faithfully for him since Witley days, but the sighs of satisfaction and relief of the gunners were only too apparent.

On March 19th General Ralston, the newly-appointed C.R.A., of the 5th Division, inspected the Battery, and expressed great satisfaction with the appearance of the men, horses and equipment.

The Canadian Corps Sports were held at Brussels on

The March to the Rhine

March 22nd, a special train being provided to convey those desirous of attending them. The contestants from the Battery acquitted themselves creditably and the Battery indoor baseball team, which represented the Division, won the Corps championship for the second consecutive year.

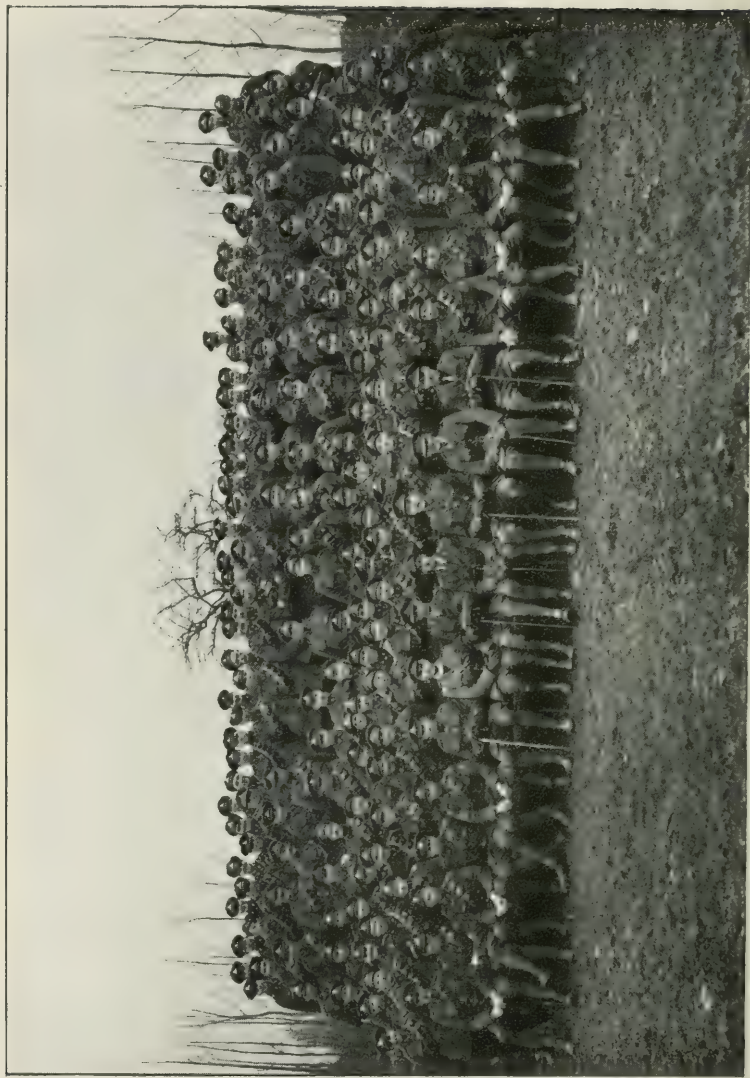
The story of the Battery has been presented, beginning with its infancy and carrying the reader through the many stages of its life, and the various vicissitudes of its existence. This humble tale has been offered as the simple observations of men engaged in the great adventure of war, taking orders and obeying them—

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

The excitement and adventure were at first fascinating, but the years have waxed long and weary. Through anxious months the discomforts which accompany life in the field had to be endured, but these were considerably lightened by the thoughtfulness and busy hands of those behind the man behind the gun.

Our hearty thanks and appreciation are extended to those who so liberally contributed to the comfort and welfare of the men of the Battery, especially those who generously sent donations to the Battery Fund ; to the Montreal Artillery Circle, whose many and generous gifts proved a great source of comfort ; to our Canadian girls who, through all the long years, never forgot us ; and to our friends who always remembered us so kindly and wished us well.

Our course is run and every sunrise brings us closer to the day when we shall once again see the shores of fair Canada and with impatient eagerness we await that important document headed "Honorable Discharge."



66TH BATTERY A SHORT WHILE BEFORE ITS DEMOBILISATION

Nominal Roll of Members

Nominal Roll of Members

Note.—The following list gives the name of every man who has been identified with the Battery since its arrival in England in 1916. Unfortunately there are no available records of the men who formed the voluntary draft which left the unit in Montreal, and as a result it was impossible to include their names in this Nominal Roll.

OFFICERS

Major .	Brock, R. A.	. . . 230 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal	. . . Transf. to 5th C.D.A.C. 8.9.16.
"	Oland, S. C.	. . . Halifax, N.S.	
Capt.	Riley, C. S. (now Major)	. 437 Assinaboine Ave., Winnipeg	. . . Joined 22.1.17; transf. 23 Bty. C.F.A. 13.9.18.
"	Kitchen, T. H.	. . . Sydney, N.S.	. . . Joined 14.9.14; wounded 24.4.15, 8.9.18, 23.9.18.
Lieut.	Bates, H. E.	. . . Royal Trust Co., Montreal	. . . Joined 20.3.16; gassed 1.7.18.
"	Babbage, R. H. (M.C.)	. . . Calgary, Alberta	. . . Joined 16.2.17; transf. 61 Bty. C.F.A. 17.8.17.
"	Culver, G. W.	. . . 359 Assinaboine Ave., Winnipeg	. . . Joined 22.1.17.
"	Davis, H. J. (M.M.)	. . . Woodstock, Ont.	. . . Joined 15.8.18; transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 24.9.18.
"	Gossage, B. F. (M.C.)	. . . 28 Elgin Ave., Toronto	. . . Joined 7.9.17; awd. M.C. 7.8.18.

OFFICERS—*continued*.

Lieut. . Jones, V. M.	Montreal, Que.	Joined 23.6.18; <i>killed in action</i> 30.9.18.
" . M'Cutcheon, P.	Merchants Bank, Victoria, B.C.	Joined 15.7.16; transf. 58 Bty. C.F.A. 15.2.17.
" . M'Kenzie, R. C.	Kincardine, Ont.	Joined 24.10.18.
" . Peck, L. S.	167 Durocher St., Montreal	Joined 2.5.16.
" . Reed, B. T.	Ulverton, Que.	Joined 25.5.16; transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 22.1.17; <i>killed in action</i> Dec. 17.
" . Rowand, E. M.	Toronto, Ont.	Joined 3.11.16; transf. 55 Bty. C.F.A. 22.1.17.
" . Roberts, E.	Joined 21.8.17; transf. 14 B.H.Q. 3.9.17.
" . Stanton, F. M.	Quebec, Que.	Joined 17.8.17; transf. 61 Bty. C.F.A. 15.11.17.
" . Spohn, H. G. (M.C.)	Penetanguishene, Ont.	Joined 10.11.17; transf. R.A.F. 20.10.18.
" . Simpson, R. L.	Antigonish, N.S.	Joined 24.9.18.
" . Welsford, G. C.	c/o Oster, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg	Joined 28.1.18; wounded 10.11.17; mentd. in Despatches 8.11.18.

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OTHER RANKS

Sgt.	Ambridge, D. W.	Sherbrooke St. and Clerk Ave. Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Cpl.-Sig.	Allan, A. O.	442 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Que.	
Sig.	Armstrong, H. R.	441 Argyle Ave., Westmount, Que.	
Gnr.	Anderson, W. M.	Islington, Ont.	Wounded and ret'd. 15.8.18.
Bdr.-Sig.	Atkinson, G. E.	319 Hospital St., New Westminster, B.C.	Joined. 6.7.18.
Gnr.	Allman, J.	No. 5 Co., R.C.G.A., Esquimalt, B.C.	Attd from R.A.F. 27.5.18.
2nd A.M.	Aldred, F. H.	Ealing Rd. P.O., Wembley, Eng.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr.	Baillie, W. E.	599 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 2.1.19.
Cpl.	Barwick, A. C.	717 Bloomfield Ave., Outremont, Que.	Wounded 26.1.18.
Sig.	Bates, A. P.	961 St Urbain St., Montreal	Wounded and ret'd. 5.6.18; killed in action 27.9.18.
Gnr.	Beckitt, O. H.	121 Lewis Ave., Westmount, Que.	
"	Beriau, J. E.	25 Old Orchard Ave. N.D.G., Montreal	Inv'd. sick 7.6.18.
"	Booth, A. L.	97 Ryde St., Montreal	Killed in action 2.9.18.
"	Burke, F. J.	313 Wilson St., Hamilton, Ont.	Wounded 8.8.18.
"	Byrne, E.	197 Westmount Blvd., Westmount, Que.	Injured 17.12.17; rejnd. 28.6.18.
"	Barth, J. H.	Humberstone, Ont.	
Sgt.	Bird, W. J.	184 Eglinton Ave. West, Toronto.	
Gnr.	Bisset, W.	Goderich, Ont.	
"	Brown, W. R.	83 Silver Birch Ave., Toronto.	
"	Burrows, E. S.	91 Cork St., Guelph, Ont.	
Dvr.	Buckley, H. M.	26 Augusta St., Hamilton West, Ont.	
Sig.	Basham, E. W.	Penicton, B.C.	
S.	Smith Boon, C. A.	Brigade Lake, B.C.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr.	Bancroft, M. T.	254 Metcalfe Ave., Westmount, Que.	
Dvr.	Brown, H. F.	567 Main St., East, Hamilton, Ont.	

OTHER RANKS—continued.

138	Gnr.	Ball, E. C.	Tulippe St., Dartmouth, N.S.	Ind. 18.8.18; invd. sick 30.12.18.
	Dvr.	Bishop, R. C.	48 Windsor Ave., Westmount, Que.	Joined 31.12.18.
	Sig.	Brough, F. S.	720 Maplewood Ave., Montreal	Joined 17.7.18.
	Cpl.	Chauvin, F. B.	22 Seymour Ave., Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17
	Gnr.	Charlton, M. R.	Millbrook, Ont.	Do. do.
	Bdr.	Collins, T. H.	64 Marion Ave., Montreal	Do. do.
	Cpl.-Ftr.	Collinson, T. E.	101 Grange Street, Guelph, Ont.	Invd. sick 8.11.18.
	Gnr.	Cooke, B. C.	38 Sanford Ave., St Lambert, Que.	
	Dvr.	Cooper, A. J.	30 Sussex St., Montreal	
	Gnr.	Corbett, G. R.	473 Victoria Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 5th T.M. Bde.
	Dvr.	Cowper, P. R.	485 La Salle Road, Montreal	
	"	Currie, J. A.	Thorburn, Picton Co., N.S.	
	Gnr.	Cameron, D. J.	398 Tower Road, Halifax, N.S.	
	Sig.	Cameron, W. R.	45 Popish Road, St John Co., N.B.	Invd. sick 11.9.18.
	Whlr.	Comeau, C. D.	79 Almonte Ave., New Glasgow, N.S.	Awd. M.M. 10.10.18.
	Sig.	Costigan, H. T. (M.M.)	Walkerton, Ont., R.R. No. 4	Invd. sick 29.11.17.
	Gnr.	Campbell, H. M.	723 East Eighth St., Long Beach, Cal.	
	Sgt.	Carnocross, E. E.	M'Alpine, Ont.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 30.7.18.
	Bdr.	Clare, J. F.	161 Sandford Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	
	Cpl.	Cline, C. A.	161 Sandford Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	
	Gnr.	Cline, S. W.	55 Wentworth St., Hamilton, Ont.	
	Dvr.	Cody, W. B.	Rodney, Ont., R.R. No. 1	Invd. sick 10.10.18.
	Sdlr.	Colthart, A. C.	Bronte, Ont.	
	Dvr.	Cudmore, H. J.	Fawn P.O., Cariboo Rd., B.C.	
	Sig.	Cooper, E.	220 Jackson St., Hamilton, Ont.	
	Gnr.	Campbell, T. L.	179 Napier St., Hamilton, Ont.	
	"	Clark, A. S.	889 Bordeaux St., Montreal	
	Dvr.	Cowan, W. W.	339 St Antoine St., Lachine, Que.	
	"	Corcoran, H. W.		

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S.-Smith Collie, W. A.	1790 45th Ave., East, Vancouver South, B.C.	Joined 3.12.17.
Gnr. Cummings, J.	Ottawa, Ont.	Joined 30.4.18; invd. sick 4.10.18.
Pte. Coates, F.	"Red Burn" 600 Sherbourne St., Toronto	Attd. from C.A.M.C. 7.4.17.
V.-Sgt. Cobbin, J. L.	O'Malley, Sask.	Addt. from C.A.V.C. 10.4.17; transf. 60 Bty. C.F.A. 10.6.17.
"Clisdell, J. W.	Winnipeg, Man.	Attd. from C.A.V.C. 3.7.18.
Cpl.-Sig. Daville, R. B. J.	323 Selby St., Westmount, Que.	Coms. R.A.F. 7.2.18.
Sig. Darling, T. C.	139 Abbott Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr. Davies, S. J. P.	198 Canning St., Montreal	Transf. 5th T.M. Bde.
"Davis, F. W. P.	976a St Catherine St. W., Montreal	Died in hospital 26.2.19. (Bronchial pneumonia.)
Davis, A. G. M.	976a St Catherine St. W., Montreal	Transf. 5th C.D.A.C. 30.6.18.
Dvr. Dawes, H. T.	1706 Queen Mary Rd., Montreal	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 30.7.18.
Gnr. Darling, G. K.	756 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal	Invd. sick, 3.11.18.
Sig. Dickson, A. T.	46 M'Dougall Ave., Moncton, N.B.	Joined 31.3.18.
Dvr. Davis, H. R. L.	69 Forbes Ave., Guelph, Ont.	Joined 28.12.18.
A.-Bdr. Drennan, W. J.	Alliston, Ont.	Joined 8.7.18.
Dvr. Duncan, R.	803 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.
Cpl. Dewdney, R. G.	114 Brighton Rd., Horsham, Eng.	Joined 30.8.18.
Dvr. Dickey, T. H.	22 Milbrook Crescent, Toronto	Joined 31.12.18.
Gnr. Dodson, P. J.	148 Emerald St., Hamilton, Ont.	
"Douglas, G. W.	145 Yorkshire St., Guelph, Ont.	
"Doyle, H. J.	626 Shaw St., Toronto	
Eddy, W. J.	St Margaret's Bay Rd., Halifax, N.S.	
Dvr. Evans, L. E.	224 Clifton Ave., Montreal	
"Evans, V. R.	Rockwood, Ont., R.R. No. 3	
"Farthing, J. C.	341 Hamilton St., Montreal	
"Evans, V. R.	497 East 9th St., Portland, Ore.	
Sgt. Farthing, J. C.	72 Union Ave., Montreal	

OTHER RANKS—continued.

140	Sgt.	Forbes, K.	807 Shuter St., Montreal	Coms. C.F.A. 5.10.18.
	A.-Bdr.	Ferguson, A.	54a La Salle Rd., Montreal.	
	"	Firth, S.	9 Sherwood Blk., Graniteville, R.I.	Invd. sick 15.1.19.
	Gnr.	Fitzpatrick, E. M.	Edward St., Armagh, Ireland	Transf. 5th T.M. Bde.
	"	Flanagan, J. C.	2289 Park Ave., Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
	Dvr.	Forrest, F.	Greystone, Rhodie Island.	
	"	Fairles, W.	Bloomington, Ont.	Coms. R.A.F. 11.9.18.
	"	Fisher, J. H.	St Regis, Huntingdon Co., Que.	Transf. Res. Bde. F.C.A. 15.8.17.
	Cpl.	Fleming, G. C.	Woodstock, Ont., R.R. No. 3.	Awd. D.C.M. 1.1.19.
	Sgt.	Fleck, A. I. (D.C.M.)	51 Forest Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	Joined 30.8.18.
	Dvr.	Fish, C. T.	Otterville, Ont.	Attd. from 5th C.D.A.C. 8.11.17
	"	Ferguson, A.	Western Ave., Westmount, Que.	to 7.4.18.
	"	Fleet, Z. E.	Halifax, N.S.	Attd. from 5th C.D.A.C. 7.8.18 to 16.11.18.
	"	Galbraith, J. A.	144 Selby St., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
	"	Gibbs, W. J.	62 Royer St., Montreal	
	"	Gillingham, H. G.	136 Plymouth Grove, Montreal	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 27.1.17.
	"	Gillingham, H. J. E.	136 Plymouth Grove, Montreal	Do. do.
	"	Gladwish, G. W. W.	2349 Esplanade Ave., Montreal.	
	Gnr.	Groves, F.	488 10th Ave., Rosemount, Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
	Dvr.	Gibb, G. B.	319 South St., Halifax, N.S.	Transf. 58 Bty. C.F.A. 15.2.17.
	"	Godfrey, J. W.	8 Bauer St., Halifax, N.S.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
	"	Grunder, M. A.	Tiverton, Ont.	Invd. injured. 18.10.17.
	Gnr.	Gray, M. S.	79 Lyall Ave., Toronto	Wounded 3.9.18.
	Dvr.	Gavin, C. H.	112 College Ave., Ottawa, Ont.	Joined 28.9.18.
	"	Gear, W. C.	310 Robie St., Halifax, N.S.	Attd. from 5th C.D.A.C. 8.11.17
	Sgt.	Hodgson, S. J.	467 Strathcona Ave., Westmount, Que.	to 7.4.18.

The 66th C.F.A.

Killed in action 27.9.18.

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Gnr.	Harrison, A. St B.	Ste Anne de Bellevue, Que.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A.
"	Herscovitch, M. H.	1906a St Urban St., Montreal	Transf. 52 Bty. C.F.A. 18.8.17.
Dvr.	Hilton, S. E.	89 17th Ave., Lachine, Que.	
"	Hind, R.	102a St Jerome St., Montreal	Transf. 5th C.D.A.C. 22.10.16.
Gnr.	Hubley, T. M.	9 Willow Ave., Westmount, Que.	Invd. injured. 2.12.17.
Dvr.	Hutchinson, W. C.	51 Coursol St., Montreal.	
S-Smith	Hazlewood, W.	Orland, Ont.	
Dvr.	Hamilton, F. W.	College Ave., Guelph, Ont.	
"	Hibbert, N. C.	Walkerton, Ont.	
Sgt.	Hill, W. G.	18 Farnham Ave., Toronto	Invd. sick 15.2.18.
Gnr.	Hanright, E. B.	14 Mitchell St., Halifax, N.S.	Invd. sick 8.1.19.
Dvr.	Huton, H. T.	12 Nightingale St., Hamilton, Ont.	
Gnr.	Halsey, F. J.	439 Adelaide St. W., Toronto	Wounded 2.9.18.
Dvr.	Hill, M. J.	135 Charleton Ave., West Hamilton	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A.
Bdr.	Hounscome, A. S.	Bradford, Ont., R.R. No. 3	Wounded. 11.8.18; retd. 25.9.18.
Bdr.	Hunter, R.	16 Bassien Park Rd., Shepherds Bush, England	
Dvr.	Hutton, P.	1720 Barnforth Ave., Toronto.	
"	Harrison, J.	471 Burnell St., Winnipeg, Man.	Transf. 23 Bty. C.F.A. 13.9.18.
"	Hamilton, G. S.	14 Hospital St., Montreal	Joined 11.10.17.
"	Henry, G. F.	Victoria Ave., Westmount, Que.	Joined 27.2.18.
Gnr.	Higham, E. H.	5 Batavia St. West, Toronto	Joined 30.4.18.
Dvr.	Hodges, C. H.	287 Marlowe Ave., N.D.G. Montreal	Joined 28.9.18.
"	Hedger, W. G.	Orillia, Ont.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr.	Innes, E. M.	54 Henry St., Halifax, N.S.	Wounded 20.9.18; and retd.
Dvr.	Johnson, R.	73 Pine Ave., St Lambert, Que.	Invd. sick 3.10.18.
Sig.	Johnston, K. B. (M.M.)	103 St Mark St., Montreal	Awd. M.M. 10.10.18.
Dvr.	Jarvis, W.	Huntingdon, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
"	Jones, W.	937 Johnston St., Victoria, B.C.	Transf. 61 Bty. C.F.A. 17.8.17.
Gnr.	Jarrett, R.	93 Inebury St., Hamilton, Ont.	Invd. sick 11.12.18.
Dvr.	Jarrell, E. G.	Kincardine, Ont.	Joined 15.11.18.

OTHER RANKS—*continued*.

Dvr.	Johnson, J.,	213 Esplanade W., N. Vancouver, B.C.	Joined 31.12.18.
"	Jones, A. W.	Invermay, Sask.	Joined 30.8.18.
B.Q.	Jones, W. O.	5 Mandville Place, London, Eng.	Joined 15.11.18.
Dvr.	B.Q.M.S. Knuble, P. H.	2136 Waverley St., Montreal.	
A.-Bdr.	Kempfer, R. H.	New Carlisle, Que.	
Sig.	Kinsella, J. A. C.	40 Sussex Ave., Montreal	
Cpl.	Knott, G. A. R.	751 Woodfield Ave., Outremont, Que.	Transf. Res. Bde. F.C.A. 15.8.17.
Gnr.	S. S. King, F. J.	107 Bloom St., Treforest, S. Wales.	
"	Karn, W. H.	140 Winnett St., Woodstock, Ont.	
"	Kirkham, T.	Mummico, Ont.	
Dvr.	Kirkland, L.	St Mary's Rd., Tickhill, Yorks.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.
Gnr.	Knowles, G. A.	8 University St., Belfast, Ireland	Joined 15.11.18.
Sig.	Levi, M. M.	Hatley, Que.	Joined 7.9.18.
A.-Bdr.	Levi, I.	204 Wood Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 14.11.17.
Dvr.	Lowry, I. K.	76 North St., Halifax, N.S.	
"	Leadley, F. R.	Lennoxville, Que.	Invd. sick 20.1.19.
Gnr.	Laver, M. R.	87 Erie Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	Wounded 28.8.18.
"	Lee, G. B.	Georgetown, Ont.	
Dvr.	London, A. L.	236 Gerrart St., Toronto	Transf. to 5th T.M. Bde.
Gnr.	Lachance, J.	31 Henry St., Detroit, Mich.	Joined 7.9.18; invd. sick 20.11.18.
"	Legere, F. J.	Riviere du Loup, Que.	Joined 28.9.18.
"	Legere, T. J.	Louisville, Moncton, N.B.	Ind. 28.9.18; invd. sick 3.11.18.
Dvr.	Logel, F. C.	Louisville, Moncton, N.B.	Ind. 28.9.18; invd. sick 14.12.18.
"	Lumsden, F. S.	Winnipeg, Man.	Ind. 17.11.18; invd. sick 15.12.18.
"	Lynch, H. N.	Park Lane, Barnstaple, England	Joined 16.10.18.
Gnr.	Lyons, J. P.	150 St John's Road, Toronto	Joined 25.9.18.
Cpl.	Marson, T. W.	703 Henri Julien Ave., Montreal	
A.-Sgt.	Moy, S. A.	361 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, Que.	
		55 Montreal St., Sherbrooke Que.	

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Gnr.	Manson, L. W.	5039 Sherbrooke St., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
"	Moreman, G. A.	419 Charlevoix St., Montreal.	
Dvr.	Morgan, J. A.	862 De L'Espee Ave., Montreal	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 27.1.17.
"	Morrison, C. H.	136 Park Ave., Montreal	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.
Gnr.	Munroe, K. E.	4857 Sherbrooke St., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 5th C.D.A.C. 27.1.17.
Dvr.	Martin, C. F.	46 West St., Halifax, N.S.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 1.6.17.
Bdr.-Sig.	Morrison, D. R.	86 Kennedy St., St John, N.B.	Invd. sick 6.1.19.
Gnr.	Marsh, O. B.	171 Stanley Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	
Dvr.	Murray, D. S.	4 Moncton Ave., Quebec, Que.	Invd. sick 11.9.17.
Cpl.	Miller, T. J.	75 Withroe Ave., Toronto	Invd. sick 3.10.18.
Dvr.	Mitchell, D. G.	66 Emerald St., Hamilton, Ont.	Invd. sick 3.11.18.
"	Melanson, W. R.	Brunswick St., Truro, N.S.	Joined 28.9.18.
Gnr.	Meredith, H. W.	472 Dover Court Rd., Toronto	Joined 30.8.18.
Dvr.	Morphy, D. W.	Carleton Place, Ont., R.R. No. 3	Joined 28.12.18.
"	Mumby, J. W.	Amigou, Ont.	Joined 1.2.18.
"	Munn, D. A.	Boris Town, N.B.	Joined 17.11.18; transf. 58 Bty. C.F.A. 28.12.18.
Gnr.	Murdock, D. H.	Keewatin, Ont.	Joined 1.2.18.
Dvr.	Mortimore, W. C.	Gerald, Sask.	Attd. from 14 B.H.Q. 1.8.18.
"	Manion, J. J.	Napanee, Ont.	Attd. from 5 C.D.T. 30.7.18 to 30.8.18.
Gnr.	Mercer, F. V.	24 Cecil Pk, Crouch End, Lond., Eng.	Transf. to C.A.P.C. 30.10.16.
"	M'Boyle, H. G.	51 Bruce Ave., Westmount, Que.	Wounded 3.7.18.
Sig.	M'Caw, L. W.	152 Mance St., Montreal	Wounded 5.1.18.
Gnr.	M'Greer, E. D.	831 Lorne Crescent, Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Sig.	M'Laughlin, H.	2613 Mance St., Montreal.	
Gnr.	M'Lellan, C. J.	Wellington Station, P.E.I.	
Bdr.	M'Tear, F. W.	The Rectory, Bath, Ont.	
Gnr.	M'Lean, G. H.	Post Office, Guelph, Ont.	
Bdr.	M'Phail, M. C.	R.R. No. 4 Galt, Ont.	
Dvr.	M'Gill, P. G.	Box 208, Midland, Ont.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.

OTHER RANKS—*continued.*

Sig.	M'Gowan, F. L.	Tweed, Ont.	Joined 30.4.18.
Gnr.	M'Laughlin, A. M.	591 Borrington St., Halifax, N.S.	Joined 8.11.18.
Dvr.	M'Ivor, A. L.	Iroquois, Ont.	Joined 4.10.18.
"	M'Ivor, T. D.	Iroquois, Ont.	Joined 4.10.18.
"	M'Millan, J.	8 Glover St., Arbroath, Scotland.	Joined 4.10.18.
S.-Smith	Mackay, A. W.	Hanna, Alta.	
Gnr.	Mackey, E. L.	718 Somerset St., Ottawa, Ont.	Invd. sick 15.9.18.
Bdr.	MacNish, A.	21 Florence St., Ottawa, Ont.	
Gnr.	MacDonald, A. J.	65 Roberts St., Ottawa, Ont.	Joined 22.10.17.
"	MacDonald, J. A.	268 Fountaine St., Winnipeg, Man.	Joined 1.2.18.
"	Nelles, J. C.	89 Esplanade Ave., Montreal.	
Sig.	Noad, J. A. L.	223 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal	Wounded 20.4.15.
"	Norris, C. A.	37 Ashburnham Rd., Toronto	Coms. R.A.F. 19.3.18.
Dvr.	Napier, P. L.	131 Morris St., Halifax, N.S.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17
Bdr.	Nixon, C. M.	R.R. No. 1 Sault Ste Marie, Ont.	Injured 15.5.18.
A.-Bdr.	Nesbitt, D. G.	Midland, Ont.	
Dvr.	Nicholls, E. W.	Robcaygeon, Ont.	Transf. 5th T.M. Bde.
"	Nicholson, W. N.	64 Dundurn St., Hamilton, Ont.	Wounded 22.9.17 and 2.9.18.
Gnr.	O'Brien, J. B.	436a St Antoine St., Montreal.	
Cpl.	O'Dell, K. P.	314 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.	
Dvr.	O'Neill, J. P.	28 Donaconna Ave., Montreal.	
Gnr.	O'Keefe, J. C.	Vernon, B.C.	Invd. sick 27.10.17.
Dvr.	Ouimet, A.	67 Hatley St., Cote St Paul, Montreal	Invd. sick 8.10.18.
Sig.	Paddon, J. E.	30 St Mark St., Montreal	Invd. sick 31.1.18.
"	Parsons, L. H.	4251 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.	Coms. R.A.F.
Bdr.	Paul, L. D.	Huntingdon, Que.	Wound. 28.8.18; died of wounds.
Dvr.	Pearce, F. V.	106 St Luke St., Montreal	Invd. sick 14.8.18.
Gnr.	Percival, W. R.	St Lambert, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Dvr.	Pollock, J. W.	3586 St Hubert St., Montreal.	

Nominal Roll of Members

Bdr.	Poole, H. B.	276 Furby St., Winnipeg, Man.	Invd. sick 4.1.18.
Dvr.	Pratten, G. W.	531 Aylmer St., Peterboro, Ont.	
Gnr.	Parliament, H. E.	Causecon, Ont., R.R. No. 1	Died, Witley, 27.2.17.
"	Pringle, G. S.	1 Arthur St., Guelph, Ont.	
Dvr.	Pinnington, J. J.	121 Homewood Ave., Hamilton, Ont.	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.
"	Pyper, S. J.	Edmonton, Alta.	Joined 4.12.17.
S.-Smith	Parker, L. A.	Halifax, N.S.	Jnd. 25.10.17; wound. 5.6.18; <i>died of wounds.</i>
Bdr.	Robson, J. J.	Halloway, Ont.	<i>Killed in action</i> 27.9.18.
Sgt.	Rutherford, J. B. (M.M.)	109 Cote St., Antoine Rd., Westmount,	Awd. M.M. 6.12.18.
Gnr.	Reid, S. G.	103 Stanley St., Montreal	Invd. sick 26.8.18.
Dvr.	Riley, A.	559 Des Arables St., Montreal	Invd. sick 26.8.18.
Gnr.	Robertson, P. D.	515 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
V.-Sgt.	Routh, H. D.	4069 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.	Wounded 5.6.18.
Gnr.	Rowell, G. G.	725 St Antoine St., Montreal	Wounded 27.9.18.
"	Rowlands, H. A.	25 Windsor Ave., Westmount, Que.	Wounded 8.8.18.
Bdr.	Rumsey, H. H.	2173 Waverley St., Montreal.	
Dvr.	Reid, W. M.	Georgetown, Ont.	Invd. sick 28.9.17.
Sgt.	Richardson, G. A.	R.R. No. 2 Sterling, Ont.	
A.-Bdr.	Riley, C. W.	Camden, East, Ont.	
Dvr.	Russell, G. F. (M.M.)	Hopewell, N.E.	Awd. M.M. 6.12.18.
"	Rogers, J.	Frank St., Brownston, Ont.	Transf. 61 Bty. C.F.A.
Gnr.	Riddell, G. H.	Spencerville, Ont.	Joined 31.12.18.
Dvr.	Riehl, G.	Kitchener, Ont.	Joined 28.9.18.
"	Robb, W. G.	21 Victoria Rd., Halifax, N.S.	Joined 28.12.18.
Gnr.	Rymal, G. W.	279 Lock St., South, Hamilton, Ont.	Jnd. 4.11.17; invd. sick 6.10.18.
Dvr.	Richards, J.	Halifax, N.S.	Jnd. 15.11.18; transf. 5 C.D.A.C 4.1.19.
"	Snowdon, W. A.	600 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Sgt.	Stewart, D. H.	308 Stanley St., Montreal.	

OTHER RANKS—continued.

S.-Smith	Sambrook, J. T.	147	Scott St., Quebec, Que.	
Dvr.	Sceley, S.	238a	St Hubert St., Montreal.	
Sgt.	Sharpe, W. J.		River Beaudette, Que.	
Dvr.	Sharpe, A. A.	126	Lewis Ave., Westmount, Que.	
"	Sheppard, A. N.	656	Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr.	Slessor, W. T.	110	Arlington Ave., Westmount, Que.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Bdr.	Smith, A. F.	7724	N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.	
Gnr.	Smith, J.	521	Papineau Ave., Montreal	Invld. injured. 4.1.18.
Sig.	Stewart, M. D.	620	Huron St., Toronto.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Dvr.	Stinson, E. W.	2388	Esplanade Ave., Montreal.	
"	Sweeney, H. E. N.	1417	Thurlow St., Vancouver, B.C.	
"	Smith, F. N.		Hants Port, N.S.	Transf. 5th T.M. Bde.
"	Steadman, D. H.		Washington, Penn.	
"	Shanahan, D. H.		Penetanguishene, Ont.	Wounded 5.6.18.
"	Shaw, J. G. B.		Novan, Ont.	
A.-Bdr.	Shaw, C. F.	Box 465,	Smiths Falls, Ont.	
Dvr.	Sillers, G. D.	Box 261,	Walkerton, Ont.	Coms. R.A.F. 11.9.18.
Gnr.	Stoddart, T.		Copper Cliff, Ont.	Invld. sick 25.11.18.
Dvr.	Sergeant, S. R.		Dunlop St., Barrie, Ont.	
"	Secor, S. F.	247	Westmoreland Av., Toronto	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 15.8.17.
"	Smith, H. R.	48	Shaw St., Hamilton, Ont.	Ind. 15.11.18; transfs. 5 C.D.A.C. 4.1.19.
"	Sloan, C. W.		Churchhill, Ont.	
"	Smith, G. F.	217	Ethelbert St., Winnipeg, Man.	
Dvr.	Sanford, A. A.		Clarence, Annapolis, N.S.	
A.-Bdr.	Siegle, M. W.		Hespeler, Ont.	Joined 11.6.18.
Dvr.	Smithson, A. J.		Carleton Place, Ont.	Joined 31.12.18.
"	Stacey, O. N.	104	Curzon St., Toronto.	Joined 28.9.18.
"	Stinson, F. J.	185	Concord Ave., Toronto	Joined 31.12.18.

Nominal Roll of Members

Dvr.	Stromberg, J.	2922 Bondinot St., Philadelphia, Penn.	Joined 1.10.18.
"	Studholme, R. R.	47 Wheeler Ave., Toronto	Joined 31.12.18.
Gnr.	Thom, A. S.	466 Strathcona Ave., Westmount, Que.	Wounded 27.9.18.
"	Thompson, T. W. H.	St Mary's Road, Ealing, London, Eng.	
Sig.	Thomson, G. R. P.	32 Buckingham Ave., Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Dvr.	Tonlinson, A. T.	2094 Park Ave., Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Gnr.	Thurston, R.	1022 Main St., Shumacher, Ont.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
Tptr.	Timperley, J.	333 4th Ave., Rosemount, Montreal.	
Dvr.	Thomas, F. S. P.	Streetsville, Ont.	Invd. injured. 3.4.18.
"	Thompson, P.	Big Valley, Alta.	
Sig.	Trapnell, G. S. (M.M.)	1327 Gardner St., Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.	Awd. M.M. 10.10.18.
Gnr.	Taber, C. S.	182 King St. E., Brockville, Ont.	
Dvr.	Taggart, J. A.	12 Agnes St., Montreal	Joined 31.12.18.
Gnr.	Tait, G. M.	40 Woodbury St., New Rochelle, N.Y.	Joined 31.12.18.
Sig.	Thomson, J.	Berwick, N.S.	Joined 1.5.18.
Dvr.	Thomson, W. W. H.	Shawville, Que.	Joined 28.9.18.
Sig.	Upton, I. H.	4022 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.	
Dvr.	Urquhart, N. C.	Heatherton, Antigonish, N.S.	Joined 19.9.18.
"	Veniez, J. A.	11 Duquette St., Montreal.	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
"	Verner, O. D.	Fleming, Sask.	Joined 1.2.18.
"	Vezina, G. A.	2951c St Dominique St., Montreal	Wounded 15.2.16, 21.3.16; jnd. 4.12.17.
B.-S.-M.	Waterhouse, W. E.	Port Arthur, Ont.	Mentd. in Despatches 8.11.18.
Bdr.	Wilding, C. W.	2575 Waverly St., Montreal	Transf. Res. Bde. C.F.A. 30.10.16.
A.-Bdr.	Williamson, T. E.	St Andrews, N.B.	Invd. sick 28.10.18.
Dvr.	Ware, A. K.	4829 Western Ave., Westmount, Que.	
Bdr.	Watson, T.	94 Laurier Ave. W., Montreal.	
Dvr.	Webb, F. E.	145 St Alexander St., Montreal.	
A.-Bdr.	Webster, O. T.	Coaticook, Que.	
Sig.	Wheeler, L. A.	212 Selby St., Westmount, Que.	

OTHER RANKS—*continued.*

148	Dvr.	Whyte, F. T.	161 James St., Ottawa, Ont.	
	Bdr.	Wilkinson, W. L.	1042 Orleans St., Montreal.	
	A.-Bdr.	Wallace, J. H.	Cloverdale, Carleton Co., N.B.	
	F.-Sgt.	Woodrow, F. W.	Highclare, Newbury, Berks., Eng.	
	Dvr.	Watt, M. A.	Langhton, Ont.	
	"	Western, H. U.	Windermere, Muskoka, Ont.	
	A.-Bdr.	White, R. E.	R.R. No. 1 Myrtle Stn., Ontario.	
	Bdr.	Whitelock, J. E.	Woodstock, Ont.	
	Cpl.	Wiltshire, A. E.	R.R. No 2 New Westminster, B.C.	
	Gar.	Wiltshire, F. W.	R.R. No. 2 New Westminster, B.C.	
	"	Waring, A. J.	74 Brook St., Galt, Ont.	
	"	Wheeler, G. C.	400 Catherine St. N., Hamilton, Ont.	Wounded 2.9.18.
	Dvr.	Woodley, H. C.	120 Seaton St., Toronto, Ont.	
	Gar.	Whitehill, A. E.	24 De Laval Rd., Whitley Bay, Eng.	
	"	Watt, A. L.	367 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, Ont.	
	"	Whale, J. H.	112 Hazleton Ave., Toronto	Joined 7.9.18.
	Dvr.	White, R. J.	Brockville, Ont.	Joined 17.11.18.
	"	Wilkins, G. A.	Ferguson Manor, Restigouche, N.B.	Joined 30.8.18.
	"	Williams, K. V.	401 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.	Joined 1.6.18.
	"	Wright, C. A.	Renfrew, Ont.	Joined 4.12.17.
	"	Wright, C. J. R.	Royal Bank of Canada, King St. and George St., Toronto.	Joined 2.9.18.
	"	Wright, F. L.	49 Garegh Rd., Greet, Birmingham, Eng.	Joined 2.9.18.
	"	Wright, W. M.	Main St., Woodstock, Ont.	Joined 31.12.18.
	Gar.	Wylie, F. J.	272 Ball St., Ottawa, Ont.	Joined 1.10.18.
	Dvr.	Woods, B. E.	570 Princess Ave., London, Ont.	Attd. from 5 C.D.T. 16.11.18 to 24.2.19.
	"	Yorke, D. C.	775 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal	Transf. 25 Bty. C.F.A. 19.3.17.
	Gar.	Young, G. N.	London, Ont.	Joined 15.11.18.



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